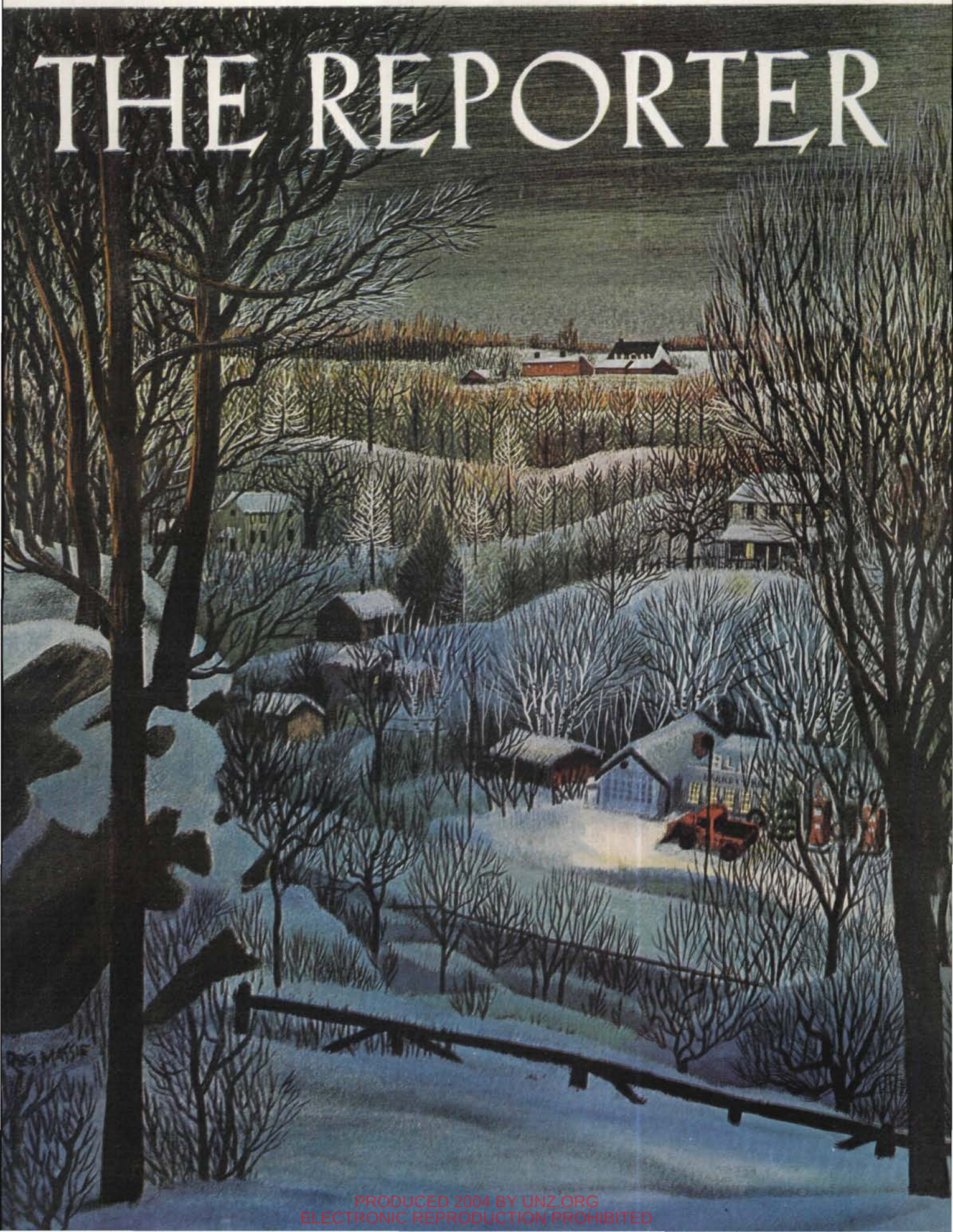
CHRISTMAS, 1961

December 21, 1961 25¢

THE REPORTER



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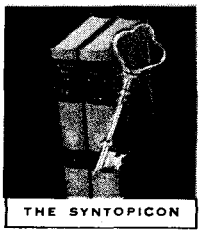

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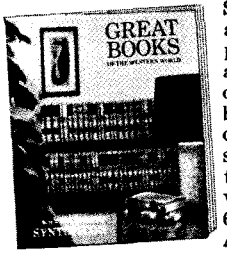

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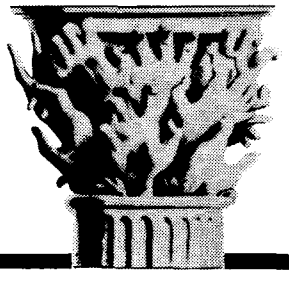

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE QUOTATION at the beginning of our article on fallout shelters in this issue is purely imaginary. Even in this curious age no one has yet come out bluntly against the survival of the human race. And yet here is a real quotation that bears in many ways a marked resemblance to the made-up one: ". . . shelters encourage a degree of acceptance of the idea of a nuclear war. No doubt we should protect the family, but as for ourselves we would rather perish than survive such a war." The words are those of the eminent Protestant theologian Reinhold Niebuhr. In his reference to protecting the family, of course, Dr. Niebuhr acknowledges an imperative—one based in biology as well as in religion—to keep the spirit of man alive even in the worst of circumstances. Surely you don't have to be *for* nuclear warfare to be *against* the extinction of the human race. What an individual chooses to do with his own life is, to be sure, another matter. But it seems to us that no one should reduce the problem of moral behavior in a nuclear holocaust to the simple terms of death above ground versus life underground unless he has first faced some of the disagreeable facts that are presented in the article by **Nicholas Rosa.** Mr. Rosa is associate editor of *Science World.*

FOR AT LEAST three years the Russians have been presenting us with a series of accomplished facts in Berlin. They have acted first and then demanded that we fall into line afterwards. Surely the time has come for us to take some initiative of our own in Berlin, and in this issue **Jacob K. Javits,** the Republican senior Senator from New York, proposes a measure that, for a change, would present the Russians with an accomplished fact in Berlin—one they might not like but which for that very reason might have a beneficial effect on any negotiations that may take place in an effort to resolve the crisis. . . . When **Meg Greenfield** first sent us from Washington the ingenious explanation of recent personnel changes in the State Department that we publish in this issue, she might have thought of passing it off as the work of one of those experts on maneuverings in Communist hierarchies who are called Kremlinologists. But she didn't get away with it, for we told her our readers would surely know it was a trick. . . . Our report on the elections in the Philippines comes from **William B. Fink,** who is serving as a Fulbright lecturer on American history and education at the University of the Phillipines and the University of the East. . . . **Willard R. Nagel,** who comments on the rather unusual double standard by which certain leaders of the steel industry view the question of free enterprise, has had considerable experience in the field of labor relations.

THE SHORT STORY that appears in this issue was originally written in Polish seventeen years ago while its author was an inmate of Buchenwald. **Henia Karmel-Wolfe,** who has been busy raising a family in this country for the last few years, is now planning to devote an increasing share of her time to writing, and we are proud to be able to publish her first story in English. . . . **Elaine Kendall** will appear as a regular panelist on a TV show devoted to the visual arts which will be broadcast over New York's new ultra-high-frequency station, WUHV-TV. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is editor of *High Fidelity.* . . . **M. L. Rosenthal,** professor of English at New York University, is the author of *A Primer of Ezra Pound* (Macmillan) and *Modern Poets* (Oxford). . . . **Hilton Kramer,** the former editor of *Arts* magazine, will be writing for *The Reporter* from Europe during the next few months. . . . **Nora Magid,** a member of our staff, has lost five pounds, she claims, by reading cookbooks instead of eating.

The Reporter's art director, **Reg Massie,** painted our Christmas cover from the living room of his home in Georgetown, Connecticut, looking down into a valley toward a filling station whose proprietor sometimes plows out his driveway in winter.

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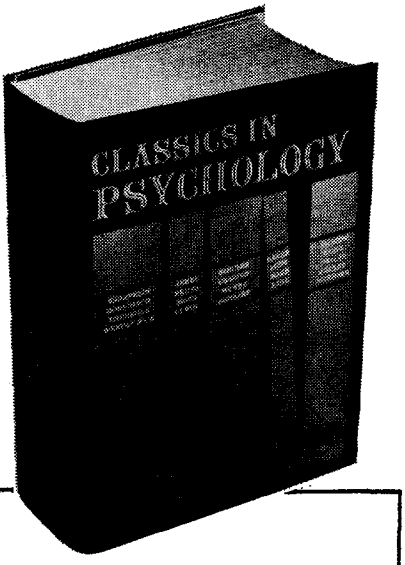

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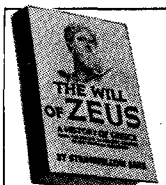

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CORRESPONDENCE

A DENIAL

To the Editor: Nat Hentoff's article "The Octopus of Show Biz," published in the November 23 issue of *The Reporter*, includes a reference to me that is flatly erroneous in all respects. This reference states that "no one has yet denied" a report in *Fortune* regarding a meeting at NBC in which Mr. David A. Werblin, vice-president of the Music Corporation of America, was asked to fill in the open spots in our television network program schedule.

No such meeting was ever held. Mr. Werblin was never asked to fill in our schedule. NBC itself selects the programs for its schedule on the basis of its evaluation of each program, and has never turned over to others the responsibility for selection and approval of programming to be broadcast on its facilities. The statement that "no one has yet denied" the *Fortune* magazine story is also untrue; when it was brought to my attention, I denied it by letter to the managing editor of that publication.

In order to prevent further circulation of this unfounded rumor, I am requesting that this letter be published in *The Reporter*.

ROBERT E. KINTNER, President
National Broadcasting Company, Inc.
New York

(We are glad to comply with Mr. Kintner's rather categorical request, particularly considering that when he wrote a no doubt equally categorical letter to the managing editor of Fortune, *he did not have such luck. But how can Mr. Kintner be so angry with Mr. Hentoff, guilty only of not having read what another magazine did not print? It is to be hoped that the publication of Mr. Kintner's letter will put to rest all the various rumors and news items about his relations with MCA that have been plaguing him for several years. Only last September, for instance, the trade publication* Television *magazine had this to say: "Roughly twice as many MCA produced or represented shows have appeared in NBC-TV nighttime since the 1957-58 season as have appeared on CBS and ABC. There are rumors for the reason, but only rumors. No one in a real position to know talks on the subject."*

Now Mr. Kintner has talked on the subject, and if these rumors go on, it will not be The Reporter's *fault.)*

WHAT CHANGE?

To the Editor: Your statement in the November 23 issue of *The Reporter*, entitled "Somewhat Personal," has galvanized me into writing an indignant denial of the accusation made by so-called liberals—to make legitimate use of an old phrase.

As a long-time and faithful reader of *The Reporter*, I find no change of attitude in your last three editorials. I don't like to say that I find an improvement, since that would imply that I saw some need for one, which is not so. But I cannot remember three in a row that delighted me as much as the ones on the Berlin Wall, Dag Hammarskjöld, and Walter Lippmann. My reaction to all three was that it was high time someone said this.

As for your correspondents, they are the spiritual descendants of various little groups of serious thinkers I used to know in the 1930's. Their political persuasions varied, but they shared a common fuzzy-mindedness. It is my opinion that the most direct route to hell is paved with this quality.

ANNE N. BARRETT
Boston

To the Editor: Reluctantly I write to you to say that I feel that your magazine no longer expresses and espouses the liberal cause upon which it was founded and has thrived for so many years.

Please do not misunderstand my intentions in writing you. This is not a letter from an irate reader who demands changes "or else." Far from it. I do not believe that it would be remiss to say that I have loved the magazine and the crusading spirit which has guided it for years. I genuinely am sorry that I cannot do that any longer.

A. N. PAGE
Texas College of Art and Industries
Kingsville, Texas

To the Editor: From the beginning I have read, enjoyed, and admired your editorials. In my opinion, you should never retreat to a defensive position—as you did in your editorial note "Somewhat Personal." Why let a few stupid people get under your skin? You're too good to let anyone get you in that position. Be yourself.

D. D. DARLAND
West Hyattsville, Maryland

To the Editor: Your past record of objectivity and common sense has been sacrificed, I submit, to political partisanship. This Democrat had hopes that "The Magazine of Facts and Ideas" would be not only a supporter but also an astute critic of the "New Frontier." You have done neither your readers nor the administration this service.

FREDERICK R. ALLEN
Syracuse, New York

To the Editor: It is regrettable though inevitable that you should be attacked for your recent editorials by those "liberals" suffering from the "us or them" psychology. It is pathetic and disturbing that so many people who call themselves liberal are merely illiberal leftists, with a catechism of their own.

I have read your recent editorials with pleasure and gratitude. I know you will continue to speak your mind, and am grateful.

MARGARET DICKINSON
Menlo Park, California

To the Editor: I have noticed no inconsistency in your position on Berlin, or anything which I would call reactionary or right-wing. Surely one does not have to subscribe to "peace at any price" to earn the name of liberal! Surely this philosophy would make a mock of any seeming devotion to freedom.

J. MARTINEAU
Ann Arbor, Michigan

ART NIGHTMARE

To the Editor: I found Hilton Kramer's article "The Well-Lighted Nightmare" (*The Reporter*, December 7) a fascinating piece of art criticism and brilliantly written.

JOHN WALKER, Director
National Gallery of Art
Smithsonian Institution
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: Mr. Kramer's remarks may seem harsh. Besides that they have the tone of reaction and make no concessions to parliamentary courtesy. But this is "war," and given his conclusion —that such monster spectacles as the Carnegie are the creations of bureaucrats representing themselves—what position is there to take but that of unmitigated hostility and in the strongest possible language? I admit that at the moment, when art in America seems to have suddenly become the national pastime with the implication that Americans have at last matured culturally, it is difficult to face up to the fact the people are being tutored by charlatans and bored housewives.

SIDNEY TILLIM
Contributing Editor
Arts Magazine
New York

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #45

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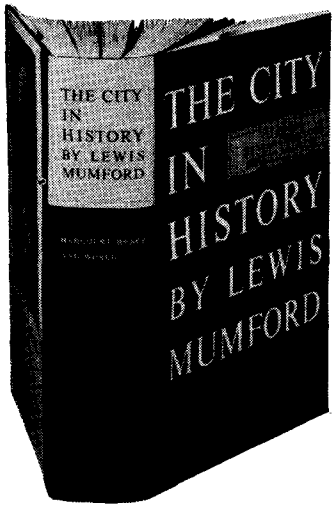

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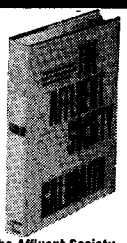

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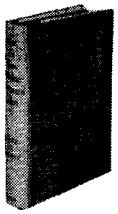

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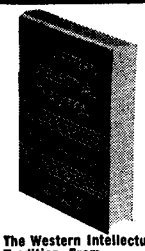

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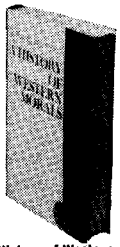

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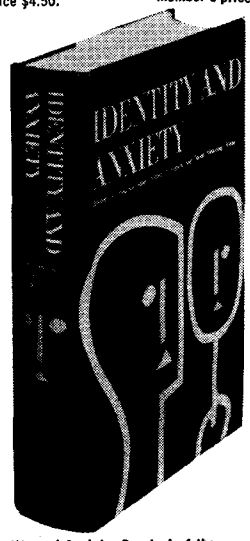

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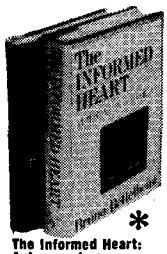

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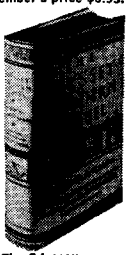

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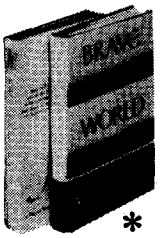

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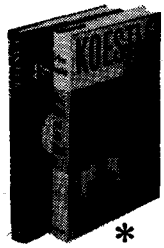

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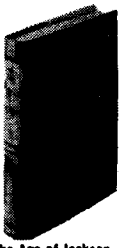

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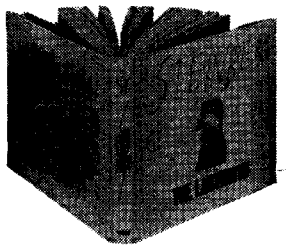

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Call To Duty

The unquiet shades of an age we thought past still wander, it would seem, over the land, seeking to enter and possess the minds of the living. Are we going once again through a cycle of truth distorted, the exaltation of false witnesses, petty collusion, and betrayal? Will newly patented ex-Communists take up once more the dreary trade of confession and accusation? Are we doomed anew to assume the burden of reading marginal right-wing publications, and dispute the hollow rationales of marginal right-wing intellectuals? This publication has been attacked in some quarters for what has been considered our excessive anti-Communism. Are we to be subjected once again to the idiotic charge of being anti-anti-Communist?

Even before there was McCarthy we fought McCarthyism. During our first year of publication we wrote (August 30, 1949): "Intermittently, since the end of the war, uneasiness and apprehension have come over the country, like chills that start and stop and leave a sickly feeling. They affect with particular intensity some strategic groups in the nation: policymakers, educators, the religious and racial 'minorities' (a strange expression in a country made up entirely of minorities). The most apparent characteristics are fear of subversion, and, at the same time, fear of the methods used to combat subversion. This condition could hardly be called a major illness, but it is serious enough to deserve attention and treatment. Each of its recurring attacks has one peculiar feature: It invariably disturbs the thinking apparatus of the country, the educational system. . . . Since the end of the war, the formerly isolated and largely isolationist American people have had the sense of being surrounded. As our knowledge of what is happening in the outside world has increased, we have learned to look at the map, and we now know how comparatively small a section of the world is still ruled by democratic institutions. From the feeling of being surrounded, we can easily develop what may be called a siege psychology."

When McCarthy came to power we wrote on one occasion (April 29, 1953): "There are men possessed by a craving to detect conspiracies, hunt down suspects, and then wring confessions from those they have suspected. Almost invariably, these self-appointed vigilantes are those ex-Communists whose anti-Communism has become an obsession and a profession. Sometimes they find sponsors or employers whose anti-Communism comes from the urge to find a single cause for all the ills of the world. The professional ex-Communists serve their new masters as they did their old—with the same frenzied devotion, the same scheming processes of the Communist mind. There is no other way they can think or, for that matter, live. They can't help suspecting everybody, planning purges, demanding confessions. *They* have confessed: Why doesn't everybody else?"

And when McCarthy was riding high, to cite another of countless statements we made on the subject (July 21, 1953): "Since the major and most enduring cause of international disturbances is to be found in international Communism, the American demagogues developed a course of action which, to paraphrase Stalin's motto, may be called 'anti-Communism-in-one-country.'

"It is a course that leads away from costly international alliances and restricts the struggle to the home front. This demands that the highest possible barriers be erected between the nation and the rest of the free world. The Communists are glad to lend a helping hand in the building of the barriers.

"It has become an established principle that men and women, public servants or writers or teachers or just next-door neighbors, may at any time be called upon to prove that they are not traitors to their country. This extraordinary form of national hypochondria must be delectable to the professional carriers of Communist infection. If it is assumed that in normal health there is a presumption of deadly sickness, and that the resources of medicine must be used to keep under strictest observation those who are well, then not much energy is left to take care of the ailing."

Now that another cycle of right-wing extremism threatens the nation, we are tempted to keep reprinting over and over again what we wrote such a short time ago. But unfortunately that is not enough. We must fight again—if anything with increased bitterness, because we are at the same time bored and angry.

A Breath of Fresh Air

With his December 6 speech to the National Association of Manufacturers, President Kennedy has made trade policy a major issue for 1962. Only one day later he used his appearance before the AFL-CIO convention in Miami to propound his liberal trade policy once again. He has thus left no doubt that he intends to bring the greatest public pressure to bear on aligning the country on the side of lower barriers to international trade. And while the President sang his solo, he was accompanied by an ensemble of witnesses before the Joint Economic Committee of Congress delivering the technical arguments.

When one is newly steeped in a problem of this kind, one sometimes stumbles upon a piece of information, developed in quite a different

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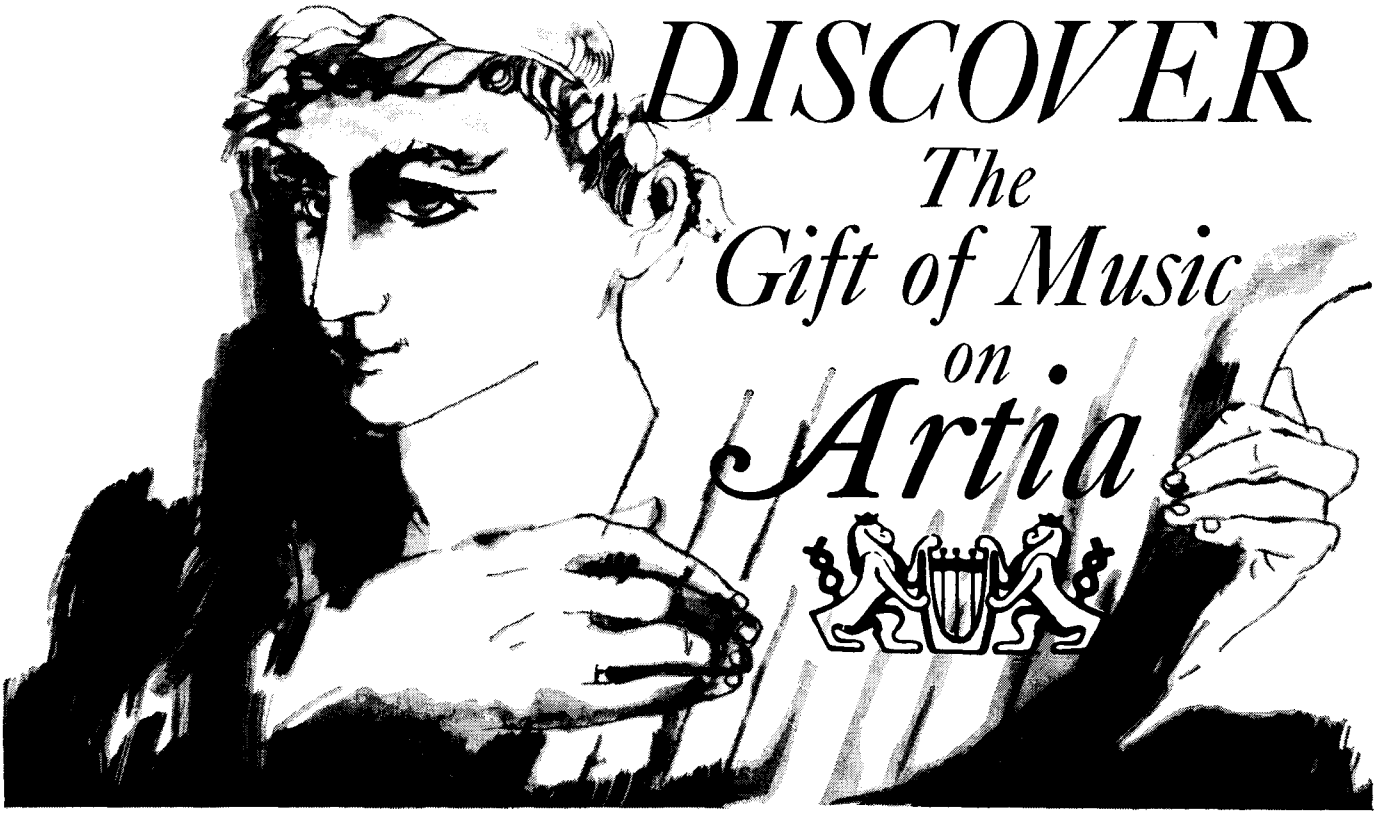

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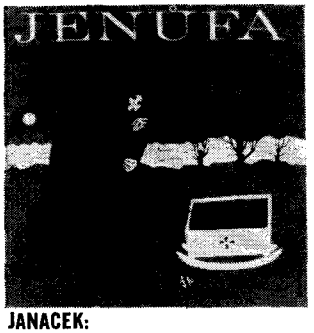

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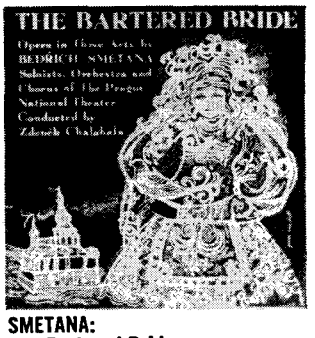

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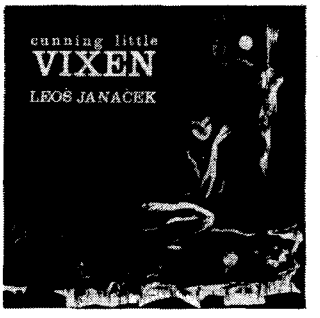

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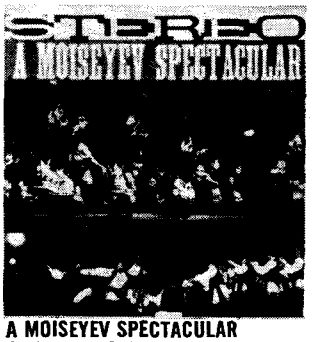

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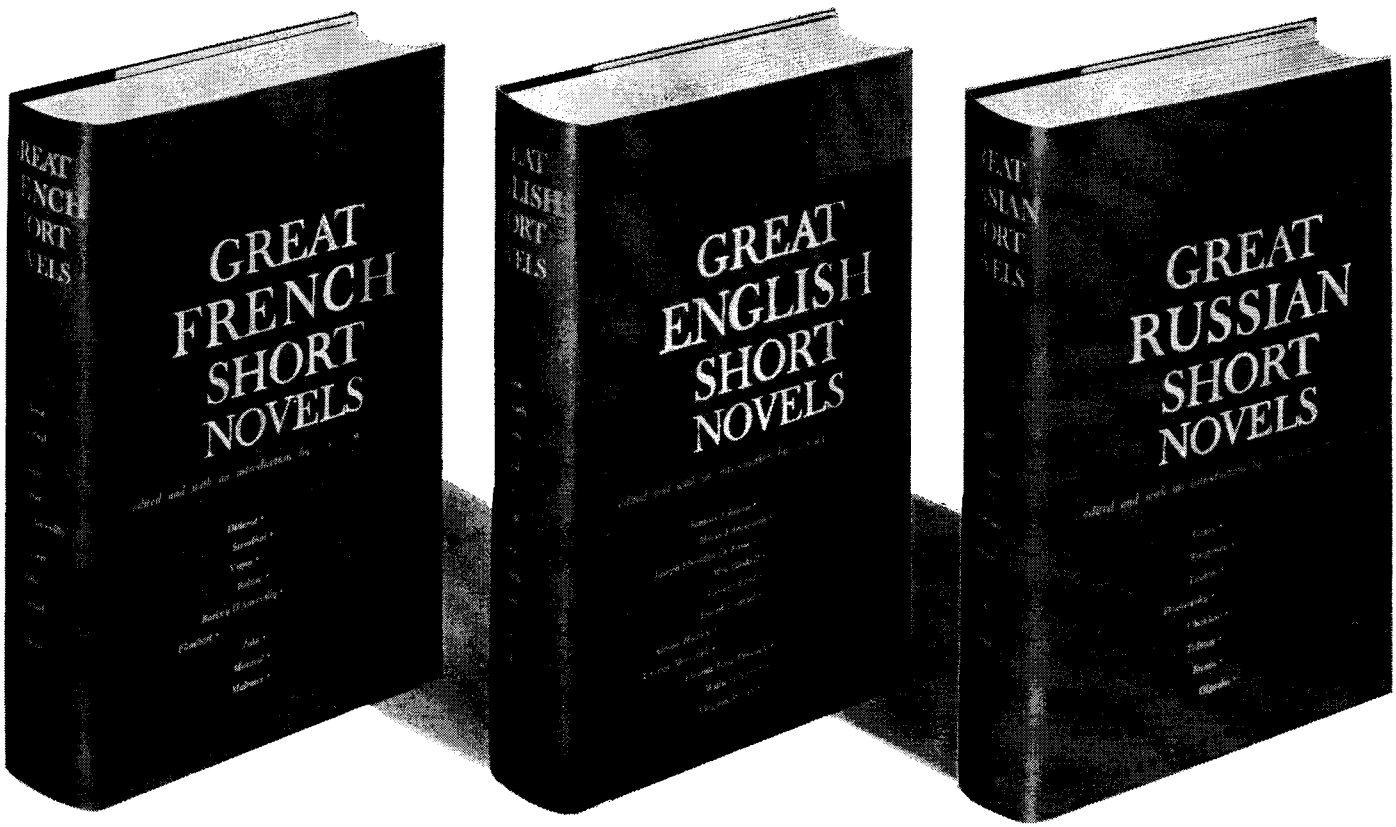

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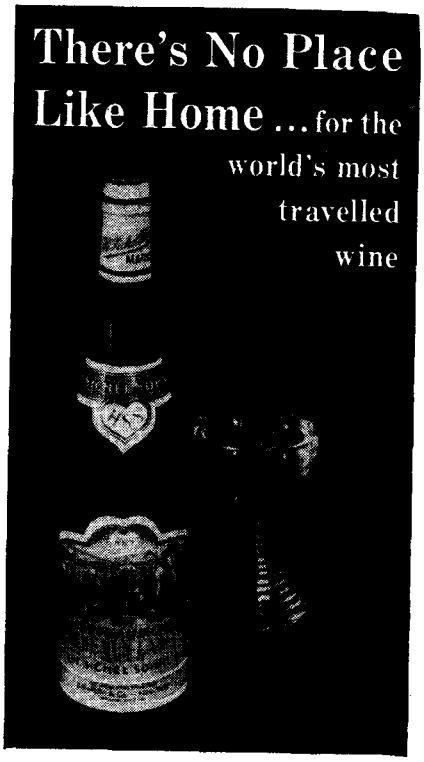

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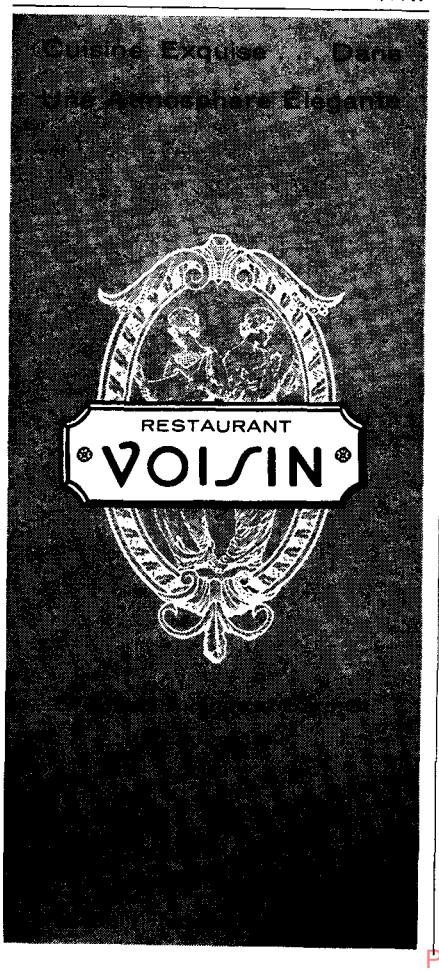

context, that suddenly illuminates all the arguments. We are indebted to the chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority for such an experience.

In a public address some two months ago, General Herbert D. Vogel gave a dollars-and-cents accounting of what had happened to prices paid by TVA for electric generating and distributing equipment since those days in 1959 when TVA had gone shopping abroad in the hope of finding bids that might carry more acceptable price tags than could then be found at home. In the resentment aroused by this eminently successful shopping expedition, TVA was publicly accused of undermining national safety by not supporting domestic manufacturers and by generating part of the nation's electric power supply by foreign-made equipment. Low wages abroad were cited as enabling foreign firms to make low bids, but TVA, it seemed to us then and seems to us still, had little difficulty demonstrating that import duties amply compensated for this factor.

Here is the juncture at which our train of thought switches over to the gathering foreign trade debate. For General Vogel tells a fascinating story of astonishing changes in the pricing practices of major equipment makers.

Early in 1961, so his story goes, TVA was able to buy a turbogenerator from an American supplier—a

THE CARDS

It comes, it comes, the blizzard of December,
The great white flakes that sift along the floor,
Settle on tables, mantles, shelves; pile
In bowls, cling on screens, flutter
On ribbons, drift beneath the door; the flakes
Heavy as guilt, light as love, soft
As memory. They come, the photographs of children
Year after year, serene, shining, growing,
The pride of families—"Behold our brood!" They come:
The engravings of naval battles or Dickens dinners
From England; the simpering tinted lovers behind roses
From wags in Europe; the chaste expensive greetings
From correct conservatives; the planes embossed
On heavy foil or the hard New York skyline
From business names; the little medieval woodcuts from the Museum
And modest friends; the richly reproduced
Religious paintings from the richer ones
Partial to art if not to liturgy. They come,
They come: the glitter-sprinkled snow
From Anna, who cleans; the wavering drawing of Madonna and Child
From the niece with talent and feeling; the hung-over
Sick-joke Santa from a boy at school; the legends of peace
In a dozen languages from the U.N. They come, they come,
The cats from lovers of cats, the dogs from dog lovers,
The abstractions from intellectuals abreast with the times
And above the season; the sleighs and holly berries
From old friends in the country and in the past. They come,
They come; with names printed (Miss Jones, order six hundred) or names scrawled,
They come with "love" inserted, or nothing; from far and near,
Duty or impulse; cold as habit, warm as love, dry
As experience. It comes, the December blizzard; instiller of guilt,
Prodder of memory, opener of heart; nuisance, rite,
Waste, pleasure, compulsion; and millions of dollars
For makers of greeting cards. It comes;
It goes.

—SEC

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big one, the context makes clear—at a price per kilowatt-hour no less than forty per cent below the bid made by the very same firm to TVA in 1957. And this for a generator which, one gathers, will be the largest ever built in this country and will incorporate many unusual features. It would hardly be legitimate to assume that this forty per cent price drop springs from the company's desire to commit economic suicide or to please TVA. Obviously it can live with such a price and can underbid foreign suppliers.

General Vogel cites additional fascinating examples: a contract for insulators awarded to a low-bidding Japanese firm in the fall of 1960, soon was followed by price reductions for domestic insulators ranging from six to twenty-five per cent. Another instance: Between 1955 and 1958 no domestic manufacturer was able to land a successful bid with TVA except for small-sized transformers. All other orders were placed abroad. By 1961, not a single transformer had been bought from a foreign supplier, for American producers had discovered, under the spur of foreign competition, that they could lower their bids and still stay in business.

These are only a few items from the Vogel speech. Their pertinence to the foreign-trade debate is evident. One hears much and is liable to hear more in the months to come of how "America is pricing itself out of the market" and of the value of foreign competition as the "hard taskmaster" that keeps domestic prices and performance in line. Since the President appears bent upon urging the public to take up the cudgels for his program, it will pay to give life to such generalities. There is nothing like a life-sized demonstration to support a sound theoretical argument. Certainly the TVA experience demonstrates strikingly the amount of fat that exists and the great service that lower tariffs might perform in bringing similar pressure to bear upon other sectors of our economy.

An old college professor of ours used to say that statistics was a dry science and that in order to be heard, one must "make the bones rattle." There is a lot of rattle in those TVA figures, it would seem.

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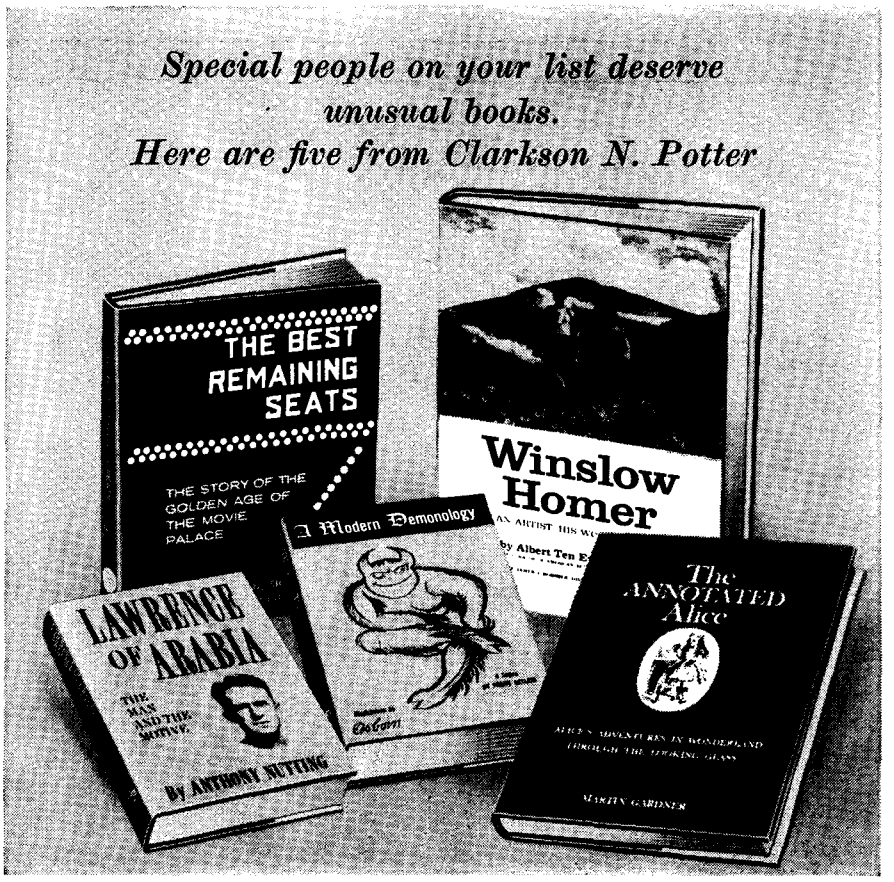
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MAX ASCOLI

Christmas 1961

ONE DISTINCTION certainly our generation has over those that preceded it: at stake in the gamble of world politics is not just a way of life but life itself. Socrates paid for the blunders of Athenian democracy, and was so good a patriot that he died reconciled to what he knew was an unjust punishment. The history of the conflicts between individual conscience and political order, God and Caesar, is as old as the recorded history of the race. But it never happened before that the race itself was exposed to annihilation because of some politicians' recklessness.

There is no use denying the reality of this danger, just as there is no sense rushing to the side of the power considered the most likely to unleash an extermination from which, incidentally, it could never exempt itself. Rather, in this season dedicated to the celebration of the birth of Christ, it is appropriate to ask ourselves what happened to that balance between "unto Caesar" and "unto God" that, from the days of Christ on, has registered the vicissitudes of our civilization. Many of us know that man's destiny cannot possibly be decided by what we can encompass with our experience and measure with our reason but are nevertheless prevented from talking aloud about God by fear of confessional disputes and by distaste for the still prevailing verbiage of religiosity. Sometimes it is easier to call a spade a spade than to recognize publicly our devotion to God.

Briefly, it can be said that in the countries of the western world the balance of "unto Caesar" and "unto God" has been upset by the multiplicity of Caesarean powers, all designed to assist man and all exacting tribute from him, while tributes to God have become a matter of casual compliance. In the free countries, God is crowded out by the multiplicity of Caesarean powers, while in those where there is only one Caesar, God is outlawed.

The old, old yearning for a unified world order emanating from a central authority has seldom, if ever, been as strong as today, stirred up as it is by the formidable organization of a real empire, headed by a real Caesar. True, this super-Byzantian Caesar is haunted by the fear of what may happen to him in his earthly hereafter. The imperial order is as far from being stabilized as it was in the first days it was established; the order and the rules of succession are not even remotely defined, and the loyalty of the subjugated people cannot for a moment be taken for granted. But the system itself is being driven with tremendous vigor toward a terminal culmination of history—a culmination that, if ever reached, is supposed to engulf us.

In the western countries and particularly in our own, the leader of them all, we undoubtedly celebrate all the values that are banned in the Communist world, and most of all we celebrate freedom. But though the word is incessantly repeated, its meaning does not seem to be altogether clear. From what one can judge, it is a commodity of uniform value, irrespective of the use men make of it. It can also be exported to needy countries, and be enjoyed by them as a surplus benefit of our economic assistance. Once a national economy gets going, it gradually becomes self-sustaining and keeps on going, endowing the citizens with an ever-improving standard of living and with the steady growth of democratic self-government. The test both of democracy and of self-government is in the use the citizens make of their ballots. The cure for the internal torments of any human aggregate called a nation, anywhere, is free elections.

The tragic thing is that most of these placid slogans at one time or another have had some resemblance to truth, and there is still an element of truth in them that has somehow become ossified. Our country has suffered to a particular degree from overreliance on oversimplified formulas supplied by worthy people eager to get results. So it happens, for instance, that men whose devotion to freedom cannot be questioned insist on the notion that the best, or the only, way to further the well-being of the individual, both spiritually and materially, is to expand the public sector of the economy at the expense of the private one. On the opposite side, other worthy people stick to exactly the opposite notion, as if the difference between individual

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initiative and public controls were as absolute as that between good and evil. Both sides assume that the basic protagonists of our social life are two, and only two: the individual and the commonwealth. Both sides proclaim with equal fervor their devotion to freedom, and recommend to foreign countries the adoption of their own two-dimensional conception of freedom.

There is probably no greater cause for our difficulties in world affairs, no weightier though unwilling contribution on the part of our country to the frightening risk mankind is running, than the obsolete, sterile form our beliefs have taken. For there is no use in proclaiming our faith in the sanctity of the human person if we do not square and update this faith with the reality of the human situation, both at home and abroad. Whatever sanctity there may be in the individual, this does not protect him from being buffeted by countless social forces and left at their mercy. Whatever strength there is in him, whatever chance he may have of exerting a purposeful direction over the course of his life, ultimately depends on the articulation of his conscience. It is only in his conscience, in his capacity for reflection, that the individual can judge what he has done to others and what others have done to him. The experiences he has gone through, the circumstances of his luck and skill, can become meaningful only when filtered through his conscience. The freedoms that political society and the many other societies to which he belongs give him can become effective only when tested and directed by his conscience. Only in that way can the individual grow and exert a measure of control over the accidents of his life.

This does not presuppose equal capacity for growth in every man. But there is a sort of compensatory process that makes the men who have to some extent succeeded in freeing themselves from the accidental, and from what purports to be necessity, responsible for those who lag behind. This equating power of the individual conscience, this capacity of the self-disciplined somehow working for those who are less disciplined, this ability to establish rules and habits and then to outgrow them, is the privilege of the human race. It can be said also that it is the most convincing evidence of the divine in man.

Man, however, can never become too self-assured, too reliant on his spiritual power, for he can work out his destiny only one piece at a time, and must accept the limitations of the subject matter on which he has to operate. If he is religious, the awareness of his human condition, of his being at best an infinitesimal speck of the divine, makes him both proud and humble—but, above all, humble. Yet the great artist, for instance, by accepting the limitations and the peculiarities of the subject matter of his expression, can produce nuggets of near eternity. This privilege is by no means enjoyed by the artist alone. The saint, the statesman—sometimes a plain human being, utterly unknown to anybody but his immediate neighbors—can do it too. The patrimony of mankind is the accumulation of these man-made nuggets of near eternity.

This is the way freedom works: a man-made, man-making power generated in the privacy of man's conscience, which is the realm of "unto God."

Is it all going to end with some big blasts and then a burst of clouds? The inevitable answer is that no one can know. Yet to answer "I don't know," if we stop to reflect a bit, is not necessarily a confession of despair. For thousands of years the link between the divine and this human stuff has created a truly prodigious adventure. Can the outlawing of God lead to the end of it all?

There is so much work still to be done. Here in the West, for example, we have to reset so many of our old ideas, and breathe new life back into them. On the other side, there are large masses of people, probably no better and no worse than we are—which is not to pay too great a compliment—but certainly infinitely more unhappy. Even more than the instruments of destruction, it is the order imposed on hundreds of millions of human beings by evil men that has produced the frightening danger under which we are living.

So many Caesars have risen and fallen since Christ was born. Will the recklessness of today's Caesars force on mankind a death with no prospect of resurrection? We can delay that horror but never be sure of averting it until the subjugated peoples make their Caesars fall.

We wish those unfortunate people a happier and happier Christmas for countless years to come.

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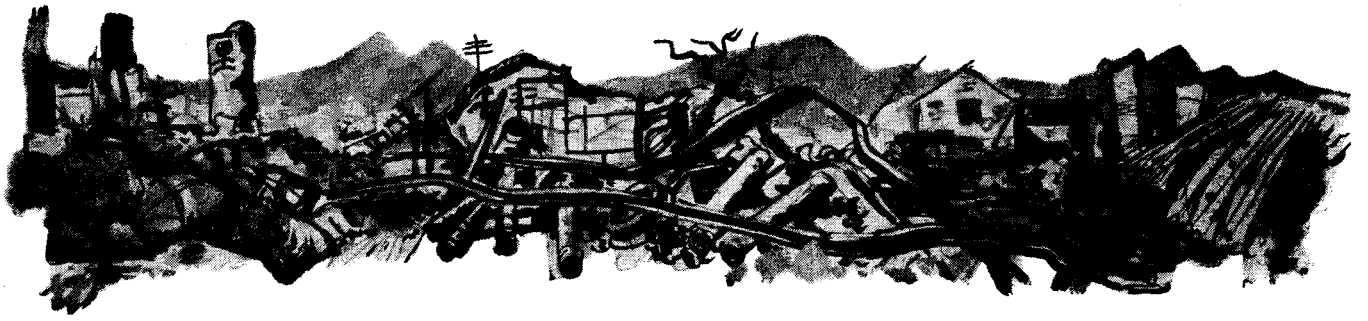

The Case for Fallout Shelters

An article addressed primarily to those who would prefer not to think about the problem

NICHOLAS ROSA

"NUCLEAR WAR is so colossal a sin that there is only one atonement: universal death."

No one is being quoted here. That is, I myself have not heard anyone state the proposition so baldly. And yet it seems to be held by quite a number of very serious people. They are well represented in the letters-to-the-editor columns. Or they write columns. They are vocal at cocktail parties when the subject of nuclear war comes up—as it will these days. They even have spokesmen in the pulpits.

The unspoken dictum has nothing to do with retaliation. It does not merely mean that a nuclear-armed aggressor must expect his own people to perish. Annihilation is demanded for the aggressor's victims as well. If nuclear war visits the world, all mankind deserves death. The children deserve death. If you argue against this awesome thesis, it is plain that you are not against nuclear war.

For these people, a fallout shelter, even to protect the children, is anathema. Every possible argument is brought to bear against it. It is un-Christian, it is an admission of failure in man's ability to get along with man. It is futile ("after two weeks, what?"). It provokes the enemy since it makes him think you are planning a nuclear war. A true peace lover will stay above ground and die with his neighbors, the way God meant him to.

You may be opposed to the idea of shelters, or you may still be undecided. No one, however, should take a stand on the subject without hearing the facts about radiation. It seems altogether likely that a minority of the casualties in a nuclear war would result from the immediate blast and heat effects of the bombs. Most fatalities would occur *later*, from the radiation effects of fallout dust streaming down the winds from the explosion sites. Lethal fallout streaks could stretch farther than five hundred miles. Radiation sickness is horrible, long-lasting even when fatal, and also completely degrading to human dignity. Few people, whether they are for or against fallout shelters, seem to be aware of these facts.

The nay-sayers have a point or two on their side. I am happy to hear their challenge of "After your two weeks in a shelter, what would you find when you emerged?" Granted, you would not find the neighborhood supermarket doing business as usual, wherever you were. And you would probably find yourself in a strangely ravaged landscape, with the trees dead or dying, practically all useful plants gone, and the soil already eroding—even if, in your area, people and buildings seemed untouched. These are possibilities to be faced by the public as well as civil-defense authorities, and they ought to be faced now.

After Armageddon

Let us place you, for a moment, in a hypothetical "survival situation" after the recommended two weeks. You might learn immediately that your shelter is still your home. You might be informed, by whatever official agencies were functioning, that the winds were redistributing the fallout. By that time most of its radioactivity would have decayed, but any concentrated drifts of fallout dust would tend to be quite "hot." Furthermore, the enemy could have reserved some of his nuclear capability for some kind of

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second strike, or a third, two weeks after the first.

For all survivors, there would be the problem of food and water. It need not be an insurmountable problem. Paradoxically, the more survivors there were—in any locality or over the country as a whole—the easier these problems would be to solve. Conversely, the fewer the survivors, the more difficult the problems.

Nuclear bombs would start firestorms wherever they exploded. The firestorms would destroy thousands of square miles of crops, forests, and watershed. Fallout would make many fields unusable for one to four or more growing seasons. This is because growing plants would tend to absorb and concentrate "hot" fallout materials from the soil. The initial loss of vegetation would result in extremely rapid erosion and silting up of reservoirs.

Some help might come from unexpected quarters. Surviving Congressmen might find themselves glad, for once, to see Argentine beef entering this country. Some of the "backward" nations might start an aid program to keep us alive.

However, the distribution of aid and the distribution of stockpiled food, medicines, and other needs would be difficult. Transportation and communications networks would have been disrupted. Some supplies, while easy to decontaminate, might thus be inaccessible for weeks.

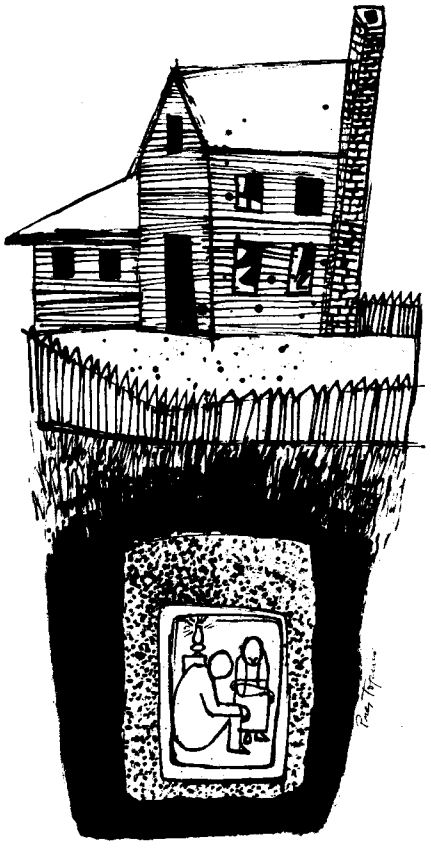
This is where the importance of a large number of survivors becomes evident. The more survivors, the more manpower available for restoring transportation and communications facilities, for decontamination work, for rebuilding police protection and other community services, and for aiding the sick and injured. A small number of survivors—say a few million, scattered over the entire country—would be capable of only a miserable and savage existence.

At first glance, this looks like a winning score for the nay-sayers. Fallout protection is one problem, but survival "afterwards" is a second problem. However, I do not think the second problem is any reason to decide to lie down and die, or to require the children to die—and of radiation sickness at that.

Many survivors of a nuclear war would find themselves living in an extremely harsh frontier world, at least for a time. Our forefathers lived on a frontier and laid the foundations of the better world we enjoy today. Cold, hunger, drought, fire, Indians, and disease were realities they accepted. They did not choose death or condemn their children to it. They not only kept the human spirit alive but lived all the more intensely for it.

Myths and Megatons

It is time, I think, to shatter a few old wives' tales about fallout and radiation. To begin with, radioactivity decays, and most radioactive isotopes are short-lived. While the fallout problem in food would be grave after attack, it would not be for the reasons most commonly assumed. At



the end of two weeks, the threat of true radiation sickness would have passed. (Of the two hundred-odd bomb products in fallout, most have such short half-lives that radiation would have fallen to "safe" or acceptable rates in a matter of days. Two weeks is a *maximum* time for the protection of most people.) However, there would be plenty of residual, long-lived fallout material to enter the soil, to be taken up by plants in the food chain, and eventually to enter the human system. Your child's strontium-90 intake would then be much higher than it is now. His (and your) statistical chances of dying of leukemia would have increased. Everyone would gain a significant amount of carbon-14 in his tissues—including his reproductive cells. The result would be an increase in the number of children born with defects in future generations. This prospect of genetic damage is, of course, a compelling argument against nuclear war. Some people use it as an argument against survival. But where is the logic in arguing that hundreds of millions ought to die in our time because a few million people over the next thirty to three hundred generations might have defects?

I do not intend to minimize the difficulties of survival. My intent is to show that there are limits to the problems. You would not emerge from a shelter only to die of radiation sickness, contrary to the prevalent folklore. The shelter's function is to keep you safe during the short period when radiation sickness would be a direct threat. The entire world would suffer as a result of nuclear war, but the world would not be lost—contrary to the thesis of Nevil Shute's dramatic novel *On the Beach*.

However, few people harp on the *On the Beach* theme any more. The more common assertion is that all food remaining after a nuclear attack would be radioactive. This is simply not true. Canned food, or bottled or jarred or packaged food, would still be wholesome—although it might be best to rinse off the can tops before opening them.

Some of the fallout would be dissolved in most public drinking-water reservoirs. You would not be able to remove it by boiling or chlorination—radioactivity is not the same kind of thing as bacterial contamination. But distillation would remove it. So would water-softening techniques, equipment for which is already found in many homes. It would be safe, as a rule, to wash or bathe in water straight from any

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faucet—or from a river or from the sea.

Canned or packaged food in your pantry would be safe. Fallout would probably never have reached it. Nor would fallout have gotten into your refrigerator. The powerful gamma radiation from outdoors—your actual reason for taking shelter—might have killed you, but it could never make your food, furniture, or clothing radioactive. Post-nuclear living would be hard but the rebuilding could commence at once.

Preparation Is Not Provocation

By my seeming optimism I do not mean to imply that nuclear war is "practicable" or desirable. What I am saying is that the horrors of nuclear war, and the early difficulties attending survival, are no reason for the West to pine away and die right now. Or to surrender, for surrender itself could lead to nuclear death.

Even if both we and the Soviet Union were to give up our nuclear arms tomorrow, Communist China will have its own bombs sometime in the next decade. Then the shelter problem will be with us—and with the Russians and even the neutralists—all over again. The time to prepare for this development is now.

There is much to be done. Crop and forest seeds must be stored, as well as food, fuel, medicines, and tools. (Seeds have always been stored, on a relatively small scale, by lumbering interests against the outbreak of forest fires. Needless to say, lumbering interests are "against" forest fires, but value judgments have no effect on nature.) Food and medicine stockpiling must be carefully worked out. Supplies must not be concentrated on military reservations and in the hearts of possible target cities. Along with seeds, large soil samples and even hydroponic farming chemicals ought to be dispersed in stockpiles in order to ensure that certain types of seedlings could get a good start (this is something agricultural colleges can do *now,* in their deeper cellars). And some kind of practical shelter for livestock must be worked out.

Fallout shelters themselves are only a minimum; firestorm protection is needed too. Many fallout shelters that happened to be within a fire-

storm area would not afford survival—because the fires would use up all available oxygen quickly—unless they could be sealed and were equipped with a bottled oxygen supply. But fallout protection alone is better than nothing. There is no possible protection against a direct hit by a hydrogen bomb, and everyone ought to understand this. Many people who think fallout shelters are futile are actually confusing them with blast shelters. However, there is no way to predict where an enemy's direct hits would be placed. Anyone who did not die quickly in a blast or a firestorm would need fallout protection—and desperately.

How Your Children Would Die

The next several paragraphs are going to be grim. By way of preparation, let us acknowledge that it is only human to be against nuclear war. We are all against floods, too. But nobody imagines that by refusing to flee to higher ground, he will persuade a river to stay away from his door. Nor does anyone say he would provoke the river by investing in a rowboat.

There are those who say, as we have all heard, that they would "take their chances above ground" in a nuclear war. Their avowed purpose is protest of some sort, and their motivations are noble. But you might as well protest the lightning, or fling sweet nonviolent reproach at a volcano. Apparently these people have no idea of what "taking chances" entails—no idea, that is, of the nature of radiation sickness. Otherwise there is no way to explain how clergymen, columnists, and cocktail-party pundits can campaign against the very idea of shelters.

Perhaps these people have overestimated the achievements of modern science. They seem to confuse fallout radiation with the "death ray" of science fiction. You know: this ray shines on you, and *zot!*—you're dead. They understand that you can't feel the radiation as it pentrates you: it's like the medical X ray. This last part is true, but radiation, alas, does not kill you *zot.*

It is all very well to maintain that you "wouldn't want your children to live in a bombed-out world." In that case, you must be prepared for the manner in which your children would die, if they died from the fallout. They would not pass away in peace and undefiled. Depending on the dose of radiation, they would die slowly, in pain and agonizing sickness, over a period of weeks. If the dose were extremely intense, a failure of the delicate chemistry of the nervous system might mercifully bring on a heart attack or suffocation after thirty-six hours or so.

But the likelihood is that they would vomit incessantly, and suffer almost continuous bloody diarrhea for days. Radiation damage to bone marrow destroys the body's ability to resist ordinary infection. They might—somehow—recover from intestinal symptoms only to die of staphylococcus invasion. If they survived exposure, it would take months for burns to scar over, hair to grow back, and inner tissues to regenerate.

Of course, these same things would be happening to you, since it is safe to assume that if your children lacked shelter, you would lack it too. If you all survived, your lives would have been shortened. Millions of your body cells would have been killed. Other cells would have been damaged and would fail to function properly. Everyone's chances of developing leukemia, bone cancer, or other radiation-caused illness after some lapse of time would be very high. If your children lived to reproducing age, they would undoubtedly pass on genetic mutations to their descendants. The mutations would show up

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as defects and deformities of one kind and degree or another.

Now, at least, you know how you would die if you decided to immolate yourself in order to protest man's inhumanity to men.

Obviously, radiation sickness is not a pleasant matter to contemplate. It is not a pleasant thing to describe. And sometimes describing it provokes weird responses: a fellow who was preaching nonviolence two minutes ago will declare he is going to keep a pistol and shoot his children, his wife, and himself the moment war should come.

A self-conscious purity seems to pervade at least some of the more vocal anti-shelterites. In fact, many of these people tend to be holier than thou. They like especially to harp on the "un-Christian" attitude of shelter owners who serve notice that they intend to keep their neighbors out.

Who Is My Neighbor?

This issue has been clouded by a lack of definition of the word "neighbors." Apparently, "neighbors" is taken to mean anybody and everybody. What about the marauder, the looter, the rapist, against whom one locks the door even in the most tranquil times? Such people might be abroad—literally in force, in packs and gangs—at the time one would be taking shelter. They would be making the rounds. Wherever they showed up, it might have been better for the women and children to have been vaporized in a fireball.

Any debate on the ethics of shelters was settled ages ago. Our best moral tradition—or any tradition—has a "lifeboat" ethic. The individual may volunteer to give up his place in a lifeboat to someone less fortunate—a commendable act. But our social ethic certainly does not require that anyone throw his own children out of the lifeboat. It has also conceded, to the officer in charge of a lifeboat, the right to keep the boat from being overloaded and swamped. The injunction to love thy neighbor as thyself does not imply that nobody should survive a shipwreck.

It is highly probable that most shelter owners would take some of their actual neighbors in if nuclear war came tonight. But I hope my own neighbors would have provided themselves with shelters. That would enable me to take in the passing motorist.

The Cathari of the late Middle Ages were Christians, all right, and their name proclaims that they were more "pure" than any other Christians. They regarded man's material nature, works, and needs as intrinsically evil. Significantly, the Cathari held that death is better than life.

Our present-day Cathari are entitled to their beliefs. If they wish to have death, and have it more abundantly, we ought to accord them our perfect tolerance. We might consider protecting their children—just as we insist that the children of other strict sects be vaccinated. But we need not keep any adult from dying of radiation sickness if he wants to.

There is probably little prospect of any great lemming-dash into the fallout. Few people will "want" radiation sickness once they have learned something about it.

Nevertheless, the counsels of our modern Cathari ought to be countered vigorously by more positive

ideas until the American people are as adequately sheltered as the state of the art permits. Our traditional western concern has been with life. Let the Orient treat life cheaply. Let the Communists waste life wholesale, as a matter of policy, and find justifications for wasting it. But this is not the way of the West. Our strivings have always been toward conserving life, preventing suffering, and alleviating ills. Unlike the various sects of Cathari throughout history, most westerners have not been so eager to get to heaven that they would abandon the children of this earth.

Not War But a Shield

A Strategic Air Command and a fleet of missiles may be a deterrent, but they are not a shield. They are a sword. It is possible to make out a rational argument against this sword. But it is impossible to make out a rational argument against a shield. A shielded nation does not in itself provoke an attack. A shield goes part of the way toward rendering nuclear attack futile—or "impossible."

There is a Bentham-style calculus in these things, the least harm for the greatest success. A military planner contemplating nuclear attack on a well-armed nuclear power must face the certainty of the massacre of large numbers of his own people, and of enormous damage to his own economy, his country's natural environment and resources, its recovery potential and military strength. Like the planner of a conventional battle, he must calculate how much of a loss he can afford to take. This is partly contingent upon how much of a loss his adversary can take—or avoid.

So that we can apply this calculus principle quickly, let us say that a Russian planner knows he must inflict relatively larger population losses on the actually smaller population of the United States. Nobody knows better than a Communist that the prime resource is human beings. In Communist countries, humans are used as draft animals. A large portion of the American population is made up of skilled and knowledgeable individuals, widely distributed—such as mechanics, engineers, doctors, scientists, etc. Unless he can be sure of killing and crippling enough Americans, the planner finds nuclear war futile. America's recovery potential would remain greater than his. A half-obliterated American industrial complex is still bigger than a half-obliterated Russian industrial complex, and a smaller number of Americans could get more out of their complex—as they do now.

If he fails to inflict a critical population loss, the Soviet planner will have failed to eliminate the one great obstacle to Communist am-

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bitions. At the outset of a nuclear war, he knows he would lose any real control over his satellite empire. Without the critical kill, he is not likely to get it back: the Soviet Union would remain militarily weak —relatively and absolutely—for too long. Therefore, the planner's losses would be pure waste.

Finally, the better protected the planner's victims, the larger must his effort to kill them be. How much more strain can his own economy stand in order to increase his already vast military potential? How much more denial of their needs can his own people take? Perhaps some better way, some less demanding way, to "compete" with the West can be found . . .

What Is the Alternative?

All this assumes a rational planner. He (from Khrushchev on down) may go irrational at any time. But the only answer to this sort of irrationality is shelters.

We cannot depend on large central shelters, accessible only by beating traffic jams. Shelters must be where the people are, at home, at work, or out traveling. Public shelters are worthwhile mainly as refuges for people caught away from home, and barred from reaching home (or a co-operative or neighborhood shelter) by time and traffic, although it may be one to five hours before any fallout arrives. Such people are more likely to remain calm and use shelters at hand if they know their families can reach shelters easily. To be sure, public shelters such as President Kennedy now appears to favor could more easily be made firestorm-proof than could the average home shelter. They would also have a degree of blast protection. And they would set standards and examples for home shelters. I realize that many serious problems are raised by a policy that seems to leave the building of shelters up to those who have the will and the wherewithal to do so, but it seems to me that these, too, are problems that cannot be solved by wishing they didn't exist.

The alternative to a steady build-up of shelter potential is a hysterical crash program in the midst of a crisis. Such a program would indeed provoke an aggressor. He might fear that our leaders had chosen war as a way out, or at least had despaired of avoiding war. Therefore, he might conclude that we *must* be planning a "first" attack. The "wisdom" of a pre-emptive attack of his own might then seem compelling. We would be caught, trowel and cement block in hand, frantic but unready.

Laymen are still prone to suggest evacuation as an alternative to shelters. For years, the government used evacuation plans as busywork to fill the gap when Congress refused to take civil-defense needs seriously. But evacuation is obviously useless if there are no fallout shelters to house the evacuees. Evacuation might also be fatally provocative, since it would have to begin several days before an attack was expected. The only "safe" conclusion an adversary might come to was that we were hoping to get in a pre-emptive attack first. This, again, might lead him to attack first.

The Price of Security

By now the reader must be feeling thoroughly depressed. The whole subject of fallout, fallout shelters, and nuclear war can only be depressing. It is painful to contemplate it for very long. It is difficult to examine the problem of survival without despairing.

The temptation to stop, to take one's ease, to live for today only, becomes enormous. No sane person is immune to this temptation, and I do not envy the President, his advisers, and the other world leaders who must face these problems all the time. The temptation crystallizes into another form: give up, admit there is no defense against nuclear horror. This crystal quickly grows another: surrender, give Khrushchev what he wants—anything to ensure that he will not hurl the bomb. But we must have learned by now that we cannot buy security at the price of freedom, in any area of our lives. There is no security without freedom.

The remedy for the poisonous temptations is to trade places with a Russian planner—with Khrushchev himself at times. This is wearying, but it has its rewards. Try it: Will you be willing to sacrifice Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Odessa, in order to deliver a few square miles of Berlin to Walter Ulbricht? Or would it be better to . . .

If you go far enough with this game, you discover that you have to live inside the skull of an *irrational* Communist planner, too. It is not a comfortable place.

An anti-shelter columnist recently quoted a woman who wanted no shelter because shelters imply an admission of failure in our attempts to get on with our fellow men. This woman seems to assume that we can avoid nuclear war as long as we do not fail in brotherliness. In this she displays a typically American arrogance. For the matter is not entirely within our loving American hands. "They," too, are quite capable of failing. Would anyone seriously propose that millions of children ought to die of radiation sickness as a gesture of regret for a Communist failure?

IT IS SAD to contemplate that this nation—or any other—might ever have any need for fallout shelters. It was sad, too, that we ever needed stockades against Indians, or that the British, in 1940, needed protection against the Luftwaffe. But it is better to have these things and not need them than need them and not have them.

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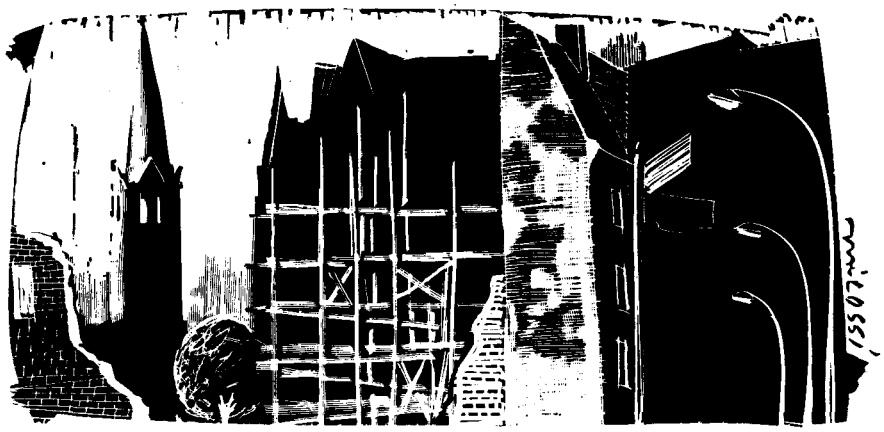

A Proposal for Taking The Initiative in Berlin

SENATOR JACOB K. JAVITS

OF COURSE we must stand firm in Berlin. For it is there that the Kremlin is attempting to consolidate its iron grip on Eastern Europe and to push its influence forward into Western Europe. But it is also in Berlin that we ourselves can best demonstrate our own determination to help defend the freedom of Western Europe and to hold out the hope of freedom to the peoples of Eastern Europe. And in order to do that, standing firm may not be enough. We must also be prepared to take risks.

I do not believe that the Soviet rulers want war. Memories of the destruction of whole cities and regions are still fresh in the minds of the Soviet people, and even Communist leaders must take into account the possible consequences of recklessness in the age of nuclear warfare. Yet their behavior in Berlin has come uncomfortably close to cornering us and leaving us no honorable way out. In the interests of the millions of people who live on both sides of the wall that runs through Berlin and all across the heart of Europe, we should not and we cannot refuse to negotiate. But at the same time I see no reason to rush into negotiations on Berlin and the rest of Germany unless there is some promise of an acceptable result. We cannot, in short, be bound to consider only those problems the Russian leaders would put up for negotiation. After all, they have left very little, and on their terms we would begin to negotiate right down at the rock bottom of what must be preserved at all costs. The Communists must clearly give some evidence of a greater willingness to make concessions. And for our part we must not expect Khrushchev to like our proposals any more than we have to like his on Berlin.

Why We Are There

We must seize the diplomatic initiative from the Soviet Union. This must be done so that at the appropriate moment we can in obvious good faith propose clear and compelling terms that will command the respect of everyone—even of the people inside the Soviet Union. We have been on the defensive in Berlin for three years. For too long we have been reacting to each successive Communist violation of the four-power agreement covering the occupation of Berlin with nothing stronger than purely defensive actions and words of protest. While the Communists have proceeded with their concerted campaign to bludgeon Berlin into surrender—culminating last August 13 in the erection of a prison wall—we have seemed to be in constant retreat.

The wartime agreements among the four powers looked forward to the eventual unification of Germany on the basis of self-determination by free elections. They provided for the occupation status of Greater Berlin and the rights of access to the city from West Germany over the 110-mile corridor across East German territory. The Soviet leaders have never denied the lawful right of the western powers to deploy their own troops in Berlin; they have sought to justify their own numerous violations of the wartime agreements—such as the presence of East German troops in Berlin, the interruption of communications between West Germany and West Berlin and between East and West Berlin, and now the wall that physically divides the city—on the ground that changes which have occurred since the agreements were signed have rendered them invalid. In other words, the changes the Communists themselves have made have been used as the justification for further changes—on the ground that the situation has changed.

Well, if conditions have changed, as the Communists say they have, the goals of the occupation have not. Indeed, the allied occupation of Berlin is more necessary than ever today if Germany is not to become once more the cause of a world war.

The NATO allies clearly have right on their side in Berlin, and fortunately the Russians cannot ignore their might. The mission of western troops in Berlin is to carry out the allied commitments on the joint administration of the whole city, east and west alike, until such time as the unification of Germany is finally accomplished. This is still our stand, and the fact that the Communists have done everything they could to perpetuate the division of Germany in no way gives them a right to claim that reunification is a dead issue.

THERE most certainly are some facts to be faced about the situation in Berlin. But they are not the facts the Soviet Union wants us to accept. As I see it, the western allies must

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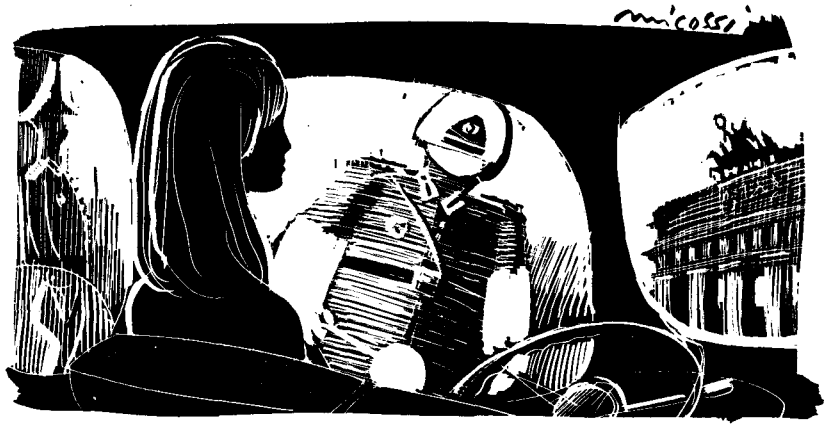

insist emphatically on three fundamental principles in any negotiations over the Berlin question:

1. West Berlin is part of the West, and its freedom cannot under any circumstances be traded away.

2. We cannot recognize the validity of any steps taken or attempted by the Soviet Union to alter the original four-power agreement on Berlin, including above all our right of access both to and within Greater Berlin.

3. We must seek peaceful means by which the security of Europe may be guaranteed. In such negotiations it may be desirable to have representatives of both the German Federal Republic and the East German régime present, as they were at the Geneva talks of 1959. But the presence of East German representatives must not be taken as a recognition on our part of the Ulbricht régime. For it must be clearly understood that as one of the principal guarantees of the security of Europe we shall continue to work for the eventual reunification of Germany on the basis of self-determination through free elections. In short, we are working for an integrated Europe of which a reunified Germany can be a peace-maintaining element.

ONLY IF the three western powers are firmly united on these basic principles can the willingness of the Soviet Union to conduct meaningful negotiations be tested. The western powers must, as they have already made clear, be prepared to use force to maintain these principles if force is used against them. Our own willingness to try to reach a reasonable solution was abundantly demonstrated in 1958 when the Soviet Union demanded drastic changes in the status of Berlin as a climax to a decade of agitation. Extensive negotiations were carried on among the four powers for many months and resulted in the convening of a Foreign Ministers Conference at Geneva in the spring of 1959. A number of earnest proposals were put forward there by Secretary of State Christian Herter, but as we now know they came to nothing. The lessons of those dark days have not been forgotten. Now it is up to the Kremlin to demonstrate its own desire for serious negotiation.

We cannot forget, however, that for some time the reunification of Germany along the lines laid down at Potsdam has been the last thing the Soviet Union wants. The counterproposals for a free city in Berlin would have the effect of perpetuating the division of Germany. Indeed, the Russians seem to want not merely two Germanys but three. Chairman Khrushchev has now repeated these demands and demonstrated how far he is determined to go in putting this policy into effect by cutting off communications between West and East Berlin.

Chairman Khrushchev has sought to justify this drastic action by invoking in Europe the terrible memories of the holocaust wrought by Germany under Hitler. I, too, believe it is vital for all of us to remember vividly the horrors of aggressive German militarism. That consideration must inevitably influence our own German policy. But Chairman Khrushchev must not be allowed to provide a reborn German militarism with a new chauvinistic cause, and the permanent division of Germany would do just that.

Of course, Chairman Khrushchev would be glad to reunify Germany in a flash—but as a Communist satellite all of whose resources he would then be able to employ to force Communism's way further into Europe. But even if we should be tricked or frightened into letting Khrushchev have all of Germany, this course would lead sooner or later to the imminence of war. It would present a greater danger to the security of Europe than anything since the Ribbentrop-Molotov pact of 1939. This is the basic reason why it is our policy on Germany, not Chairman Khrushchev's, that is the policy of peace, based, as it is, on full knowledge of history. As President Kennedy said in his interview with Khrushchev's son-in-law, Aleksei Adzhubei, the editor of *Izvestia*, our policy would prevent Germany from taking any unilateral acts of aggression, since it would irrevocably consolidate the position of Germany as an integral part of Western Europe as a whole, dependent on European unity for its own security. It is the Kremlin's policy that would make for a repetition of the fatal errors that preceded the Second World War.

A Step Forward

There is no reason for us to ask for new legal rights in Berlin. In fact, our basic demand is that the old rights be respected, and we certainly must insist on the restoration of communication between the eastern and western parts of the city. We should, however, move forward —legally and fully within the spirit of the occupation agreements—to implement our insistence on the reunification of Germany.

I am therefore also making the following proposal for consideration and study as a step to be taken toward the ultimate reunification of Germany while negotiations with the Soviet Union are being prepared: Without abandoning any of their rights and agreements as occupation powers, the United States, France, and the United Kingdom could concur in the incorporation of West Berlin into the Federal Republic of Germany. This could be done legally and with the full consent of the people of West Berlin.

Under the Bonn constitution as well as the Berlin constitution, the

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entire city was declared to be a "Land," or state, of West Germany. Reservations made by the allied military governors on May 4, 1949, and reaffirmed in 1955, when West Germany joined NATO, restricted German sovereignty so as not to compromise the special status of the city. But now that that status has been drastically undermined by the Communists, West Berlin cannot be left dangling as a kind of third Germany. The city's loose and informal association with West Germany is indeed something that can be considered a fact, one that is far more genuine and meaningful than the East German régime. And as long as West Berlin remains isolated and exposed, more than a hundred miles from the nearest friendly territory, western troops must be there to protect the city's freedom. The size of these troop units may make the allied military presence in Berlin seem merely symbolic. Yet it is an armed symbol, and the determination with which it is maintained can provide a very effective guarantee of security to the nations of the West and of hope to the peoples of the East. And as long as the Russians refuse to live up to their agreement on the reunification of Germany, they must be required to respect our rights of access to Berlin.

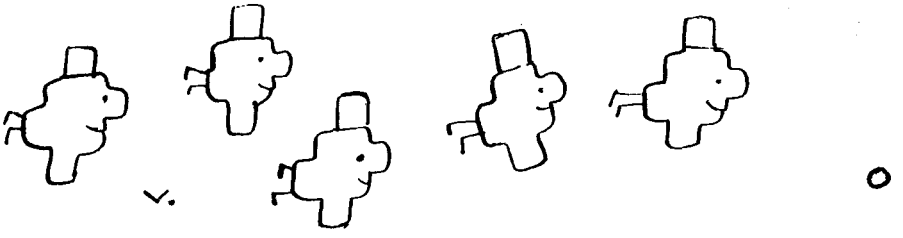
ACCORDINGLY, the restrictions placed on West German sovereignty in Berlin could now be formally withdrawn. Berlin, though still occupied by allied military forces, could formally pass into the governmental jurisdiction of the Federal German Republic, and the West Berlin representatives in the Bundestag and Bundesrat, who now sit as nonvoting members, could be given full legal status. This would be a logical sequel to the use of a common currency, close economic ties, and many laws in common between West Berlin and the Federal German Republic.

It would not be necessary to amend the Basic Law of West Germany or the Berlin constitution. Incorporation could be accomplished by holding a plebiscite to determine the will of the people and by a joint declaration of the United States, France, and the United Kingdom. By thus legally integrating West Berlin into the German Federal Republic, close ties could be maintained between the city and West Germany while at the same time our guarantees not to let West Berlin fall to the Communists would be preserved.

So long as this step is regarded as a basic move in the fulfillment of the allied obligation to reunify Germany, the Soviet Union could not object on valid legal grounds. And yet the Russians would be confronted with an accomplished fact that would certainly have to be taken into account in any negotiations over the future of Berlin. Heretofore, it has been the Russians who have presented us with accomplished facts—the main difference being that they have effected changes by illegal means of military force, whereas the change we would make would be based on a perfectly legal agreement between the people of West Berlin and the people of West Germany.

It has recently been reported that West Germany and West Berlin have been encouraged—perhaps by the President of the United States—to work out a "new contractual basis" for their relationship. It is not yet clear what all this might involve, but it would seem that the creation of new legal bonds between two sections of West Germany might add a number of new difficulties to an already difficult situation. The Russians, too, might want to have a voice in the matter. No such difficulties would be presented by the integration of West Berlin into the German Federal Republic, since the step would involve only the formal ratification of old and fully established economic, political, and spiritual bonds.

IN THE PAST our policy on Germany has been criticized as a weak one because we have apparently sought only to maintain the status quo. It has been repeatedly said that the status quo should be improved. What I am suggesting is that the status quo be improved in the interest not only of Berlin but of the West.



Foggybottomology

MEG GREENFIELD

The following appraisal of the recent reorganization of the State Department fell into our hands quite by accident. It was apparently prepared by one of those specialists in modern political machinations known as Kremlinologists. We are happy to publish it as our contribution to cultural exchange and international understanding.

A STUDY of the recent power shift in Washington leads to the inescapable conclusion that the hand of Foreign Minister D. Rusk has either been strengthened or weakened. It is not without significance that three of those who were elevated to full membership in the State Department—W. W. Rostow, W. A. Harriman, and R. N. Goodwin—all have been identified with the Northeast section of the country, while G. McGhee, whose influence appears to have risen, comes from the South.

The emphasis on these two regions where party members are known to have remained loyal to Mr. Kennedy in the 1960 power struggle may well mean that the party has finally seized control of the State Department. Viewed in this light, the communi-

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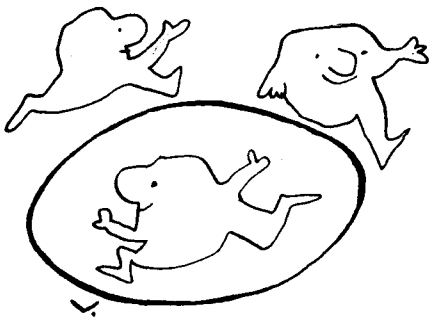
qué's ominous silence on the whereabouts of McG. Bundy becomes understandable. McG. Bundy is still remembered in certain circles as a former member of the anti-party group that was crushed by the present leadership in its 1960 White House take-over.

Another clue may be found in the government's reluctance to admit that any members of the discredited



Middle Western section of the party are represented in the new ruling setup. It is significant that G. W. Ball, who had previously been listed in such officially approved manuals as *Who's Who in America* as having been born in Des Moines, Iowa, and educated at Northwestern University, was described in the official government newspaper, the New York *Times,* as having been "born in New Hartford, Conn.," and "graduated from Cornell." Observers noted that this was the first time G. W. Ball, who was in fact born in Des Moines, had been referred to as a native of New Hartford, and could only explain the move as an attempt to associate him with the stunning 1960 party victories in Connecticut and New York.

Two facts connected with G. W. Ball's emergence must be considered of extreme importance: the failure of the official press to mention his year of service with the Farm Credit Agency, and the decision to abolish the post of Under Secretary for Economic Affairs which he formerly held. While the abolition of the economic post has been interpreted in some quarters as a downgrading of the party's concern with economic problems, the fact that G. W. Ball himself has been elevated could indicate an upgrading of the party's concern with economic problems. The latter interpretation may be nearer the truth, since it takes into account what only now is beginning to come to light—that the real issue at stake in the dramatic ten-month struggle was the future direction of the party's agricultural policy. At the center of the strife, it has now become clear, was C. Bowles, supported by the Army, whose power appears to have been greatly reduced by his ouster.

The meaning of the State Department reorganization can be understood only against the background of certain production figures. While U.S. milk production rose from 122,920,000 pounds in 1960 to 124,400,000 pounds in 1961, Soviet milk production for the comparable period rose only from 112,500,000 pounds to 113,000,000 pounds. The first calendar year of the party's farm program thus saw the gap widen from 10,420,000 pounds more milk produced in the U.S. to 11,400,000 pounds more. Wheat has been reduced by a mere 150,000,000 bushels, and corn has dropped slightly, from 3,891,000,000 bushels to 3,549,000,000 bushels, an insignificant decrease in view of the fact that last year's total Soviet corn output (excluding corn harvested in the milk stage for silage) was only 300,000,000 bushels.

A Disappointing Surfeit

It is no secret that there has been growing unrest within the party over these disappointing results of the plan to overtake the Soviet Union in the production of less grain per acre by 1964. The spectacular gains in crop failure announced by N. S. Khrushchev in Kazakhstan and Tashkent in mid-November are known to have heightened demands for a policy reversal along lines already strongly hinted at by Agriculture Minister O. Freeman two months before. "We can learn to live with abundance," the Minister had warned in a speech whose significance was widely missed by students of the State Department. "We propose to end . . . the policies of managed scarcity." His declaration that each citizen could consume three-quarters of a pound of plain processed wheat per day in the event of atomic attack carried the unmistakable implication that if they could do so in wartime they could do so in peacetime, and gave rise to speculation that the party was about to abandon its plan to cut back farm production and step up public consumption of surplus stocks, by force if necessary.

Even more significant was O. Freeman's slap at the anti-affluence faction of the party. While the diminution of the pro-sacrifice line had been apparent for some time in the President's speeches, the suspicion that the line was to be dropped altogether was confirmed by O. Freeman, who went out of his way to congratulate the farmers for their "contribution to our high standard of living" and stressed his own desire to improve "levels of consumption." His remarks served notice that in addition to reversing its line on agricultural policy, the party was on the verge of repudiating its public pledge to substantially lower the nation's standard of living by 1964.

THE SPEECH of the Agriculture Minister could only be read as a direct attack on C. Bowles, who has long been identified as a leader of both the anti-wheat-production and anti-affluence wings of the party. As early as March it was clear that a behind-the-scenes struggle was developing over these issues when Bowles, in a defiant appearance before the National Farmers Union, spoke disparagingly of Americans "whose lives are so comfortable, so normal," mentioned the President by name only once, and in a dramatic bid

for Army support declared that we "cannot survive without arms."

The willingness of the Army to back Bowles can be explained only as a result of rising resentment over attempts to bring their leaders under firm party control by censoring their speeches and prohibiting their attendance at certain anti-party gatherings. Army dissatisfaction with the handling of the Cuban affair, which

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Bowles is rumored to have shared, is thought to have thrown them firmly into his camp.

Tight secrecy continues to veil events surrounding the Cuban adventure, but it is clear that by late spring, leadership of the anti-Bowles faction had been assumed by Interior Minister S. Udall. On April 27, only a few days after the setback in Cuba, Udall revealed that he had directed his subordinates to remove the capital's only statue of William Jennings Bryan from Washington. There was no mistaking the meaning of this move to downgrade Bryan, who was known at one time as a sort of idea man for Woodrow Wilson. The Army quickly moved to install General M. D. Taylor in the White House, and observers now agree that only this naked show of strength saved Bowles from the first ouster attempt in July.

Hale Rehabilitated

Greatly overconfident, it now turns out, C. Bowles left for India. While he was gone, developments suggest, his party critics gained new strength. On August 28, the statue of Bryan, which as recently as August 5 had been reported to have been in Washington, was announced to have reached the discredited Middle West. Foreign Minister Rusk was "accompanied" on a Japanese trade mission by Udall, who was noticed to be never far from his side. And in a thinly veiled taunt of the armed forces, Freeman on November 17 reportedly said that "American capacity to produce food surpluses is looked upon by the people of the world as a much greater accomplishment than Soviet space successes."

The sudden replacement in the Immigration Bureau on November 21 of career Army officer J. M. Swing by former FBI agent R. Farrel was a clear sign that the anti-Bowles group had gained strength enough to show its hand. Although confusion surrounds the events that took place on the twenty-sixth, when the State Department shift was announced, Bowles was reported as late as the twenty-seventh not to have decided on a course of action. A speech delivered that evening by S. Udall is thought to have forced his hand. "Those who attempt to find in our memorials some sort of waypost on the road of American history," Udall threatened, "must indeed be puzzled" by the absence from Washington of a statue of Nathan Hale. The rehabilitation of Hale, who is remembered chiefly for espionage activities at which he was caught, was an unmistakable reference to the CIA, which, with the FBI, appears to have thrown its full weight into the struggle, which had thus become a test of strength between the Army and the Secret Police.

As far as can be determined, it continued to rage through the twenty-eighth, when the President made an unheralded visit to ceremonies taking place at the CIA. Although the UPI ticker dispatch at 11:09 A.M. reported "Kennedy was accompanied by Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara and General Maxwell D. Taylor," by 5:51 P.M. the same dispatch omitted all mention of General Taylor. A revised paragraph read: "At the ceremony were Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, and FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover." Though Bowles, in a last-minute attempt to turn the tide, told a labor-union audience that night that the people must not be "fat, comfortable, and privileged," it was already plain that the Udall-Hale-Hoover-Freeman-CIA-pro-surplus, anti-sacrifice elements had triumphed. As a measure of their confidence, the new ruling group took a step toward de-Bryanization that they had not dared risk before. On the morning of November 29, it was officially announced that the party intended to break its historic tie to silver.

WHETHER the confidence of the new party leadership is warranted depends on many factors. A shift in the course of Soviet agricultural policy could have serious repercussions on the present setup, and the naming of F. G. Dutton to the post previously held by B. Hays of Arkansas might well give rise to unrest in the South. All this will depend, however, on whether the hand of Foreign Minister Rusk has actually been strengthened or weakened, which cannot be determined until many more facts come to light.

Macapagal Takes Over

WILLIAM B. FINK

MANILA

THERE WERE two surprises in the Philippine national elections held on November 14. The first was the extent of Vice-President Diosdado Macapagal's victory over President Carlos Garcia. The presidential contest had generally been regarded as a tossup, but unofficial figures gave Macapagal a margin of more than six hundred thousand votes. In a total vote of six and a half million, this is a landslide. Presidential and vice-presidential candidates run on separate lines in the Philippines, and the victory of Macapagal's Liberal Party running mate, Emmanuel Pelaez, means the country will no longer have to deal with the outgoing administration's problem of having an opposition party vice-president.

The second surprise was the relative peace and order in which the voting was conducted. As the campaign reached its climax, violence increased in certain sensitive provinces like Cavite and Ilocos Sur,

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where more than ten deaths were attributed to political disagreements. But election day itself was remarkably calm. Units of the Constabulary were scattered throughout the country, and sensitive areas were saturated to keep local feuding under control. President Garcia himself had declared emphatically, "I will not tolerate any attempt at subverting the people's will. My thirty-six years of public service . . . will not be stained at this stage of my life." Even in defeat, he can take consolation from the steady progress the country has made under his leadership toward maturity in the ways of democracy.

Time for a Change

The Nacionalista Party has governed since 1953, and its record has not been all bad. The gross national product, for example, has increased steadily to a high of nearly twelve billion pesos. (The peso is nominally worth fifty cents, but brings less than half that on the free market.) However, it was at the personal economic level that the revolt against the Nacionalistas erupted. The vast majority of Filipinos are poor. A 1957 study estimated the average family income as 1,471 pesos. Even this is probably a generous estimate, and there is much unemployment.

Most of the wealth of the Philippines is concentrated in and around Manila. In suburbs such as Forbes Park and San Lorenzo Village, new American cars are parked in the driveways of elegant homes. Yet not far away are squatters' shacks where the standard of living is abysmally low, and within forty-five minutes' drive of the heart of Manila lies the barrio country, where poverty is chronic and desperate. According to a government report, "Three out of ten barrio people have a cash earning of P100 [about $24] a year. . . . The average income of the rest ranges from P200 to P300 a year. But sixteen per cent of all those interviewed reported no cash income at all for the year."

Although the poor have little or no cash, food prices have been spiraling. Early this fall, rice was the highest it had been in eight years. Three months ago the government declared a state of emergency and set a maximum price on this staple. Sugar prices are at all-time highs, and in general the cost of living is rising. Confronted by these difficulties, the Filipino peasant made the standard response: he voted against the party in power.

If economics was the major cause of the Nacionalista defeat, a strong contributing factor was the issue of graft and corruption. Although corruption is an old story to Filipinos, the Garcia administration was particularly vulnerable. Influence peddling is prevalent and apparently has been practiced by some who are close to the president. The customs service has been notoriously corrupt, despite government efforts to clean it up. Action in some government offices seems to depend upon the amount of the payoff. During the campaign Macapagal promised to hold himself responsible for the malfeasance of any members of his administration, and the Liberals succeeded in pinning the charge of corruption on the Nacionalistas despite their own shady record. (Nothing in recent history has approached the venality of the Liberal administration of Elpidio Quirino from 1948 to 1953.)

THERE is little difference in the economic orientation of the two major parties of this fifteen-year-old republic, and both made their appeal to the same groups of people. In a country made up of more than seven thousand islands, communication and transportation present great difficulties, and, as in the United States, the personalities of candidates are a major factor. Party loyalty is not taken very seriously. The

crossing of party lines was bewildering to a westerner. A writer of the Manila *Times* told of the difficulty he had in explaining Philippine politics to some visitors:

"As far back as two years ago, there was already a sign in the boulevards urging the people to vote for a presidential candidate in order to save the nation. The funny part is that now that the presidential race is on, this candidate is no longer in the running.

" 'Which party does this candidate belong to?'

" 'The Nacionalista Party.'

" 'So he gave way to President Garcia?'

" 'No, in fact, he tendered his resignation from the party, although the party refused to accept it.'

" 'So he is still a member of the party?'

" 'Yes. But he is campaigning for the Liberals.'

" 'You mean, he joined the Liberal Party?'

" 'No, he refuses to join the Liberals.'

" 'But he is campaigning for them?'

" 'That's right. In fact, he is their chief campaigner.'

" 'Why doesn't the Nacionalista Party expel him?'

" 'The party never wants to expel anybody.' "

The man in question is the popular Mayor Arsenio Lacson of Manila.

Roger the Dodger

Both parties were racked by internal squabbling during the campaign, though the Nacionalista difficulties were the more serious by far. The most widely publicized intra-mural quarrel was that between President Garcia and the venerable Eulogio Rodriguez, president of the Nacionalista Party, and president of the Philippine Senate. This old political warhorse at first opposed the nomination of Garcia, but finally gave him token support. Rodriguez's lack of enthusiasm on the campaign trail hurt the Nacionalistas badly in Luzon.

The most startling switch of the presidential race concerned an independent candidate, Rogelio de la Rosa, who is the brother of Macapagal's first wife. Sometimes referred to as "the most beautiful man in the Senate," de la Rosa was a Filipino movie star before his election to Congress. He campaigned as the people's candidate, the heir of Ramón Magsaysay. Cynics suggested at one point that his candidacy was a plot by the Nacionalistas to draw away Macapagal votes. At any rate, "Roger," as he is familiarly known,

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traveled up and down the islands and attracted huge crowds wherever he spoke. It seemed unlikely that de la Rosa could win as an independent, but it was clear that he was attracting many anti-Garcia votes. But after secret negotiations—and only ten days before the election—de la Rosa withdrew from the race and urged his supporters to vote for Macapagal. In a dramatic television appearance the two former in-laws pledged unity in the fight against the Garcia administration. De la Rosa's withdrawal was the most decisive event of the campaign. It caught the Nacionalistas flat-footed, and they screamed that Handsome Roger had been bribed. It is impossible to say how many of de la Rosa's followers made the switch, but most political observers had estimated that he would poll a million votes or more. Diosdado Macapagal may well owe his election to him.

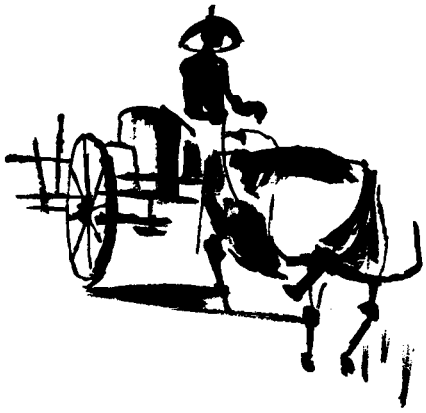
Five Million Handshakes

During the campaign, Macapagal came out for decentralization of the government and more free enterprise. Neither candidate had much to say about international affairs. Both parties declared their general support of U.S. foreign policy, and they even seemed willing to be tougher than the United States in Southeast Asia. However, the decision of the U.S. Congress not to appropriate the full war-damages claim of $73 million caused bitterness among supporters of both parties.

Both parties are nationalistic, but the Nacionalistas more so than the Liberals. President Garcia's party stressed the slogan "Filipino First" to represent the desire for economic independence. It was aimed largely at Chinese merchants in the islands, but the Nacionalistas are also critical of trade arrangements that tend to make the Philippines the tail on an American kite. They also take a dim view of military-base agreements with the United States, and in one campaign broadside declared that "Mr. Macapagal . . . is so much under the spell of America that every time the Chinese shell the islands off the Asian mainland or send guns to fight the Laotians, he wants to send a division of Filipino boys to help the American fleet."

In one important respect, the two candidates conducted their campaigns very differently. President Garcia, depending heavily on his position and his party machinery, worked largely through party leaders. Many new plans for sanitation projects, bridges, and roads were announced for various municipalities, and diplomats were called back from overseas to campaign for the administration. Macapagal, on the other hand, made a personal barrio-to-barrio campaign. He has estimated that over a four-year period he shook the hands of five million Filipinos. Macapagal's victory indicates that in the future, presidential candidates must expect to stump the Philippines from end to end.

WHEN MACAPAGAL takes office on January 1, he will be dealing with a Congress controlled by the opposition. Of the eight candidates elected to the Senate (one-third of that body), six or possibly seven will be Liberals. The Nacionalistas will



retain control by one or two votes. Senators are elected at large but members of the House of Representatives are chosen by congressional districts, and at the local level the Nacionalistas had a field day. When the last votes from remote precincts are in, the new House will probably total seventy-two Nacionalistas, thirty-one Liberals, and one Independent.

The situation may not turn out to be as difficult for Macapagal as it appears. The president of the Philippines enjoys an extraordinary degree of personal power, especially in terms of patronage. Given the prevailing casual attitude toward party regularity, it seems probable that enough Nacionalista senators will work with the Liberals to assure administration control of the Senate. Even in the House, administration pressure may accomplish a great deal. As a former congressman, Macapagal knows the ways of that body as well as many of its leaders.

In foreign affairs, the new president can be expected to live up to his party's pledge of "frank, wholehearted, and open co-operation with the United States." He has already announced that Vice-President-elect Emmanuel Pelaez will also serve as secretary of foreign affairs. Pelaez, who has served as delegate to the U.N. General Assembly, has indicated that he will attempt to promote closer ties with other Asian nations, particulary Indonesia.

It will be interesting to see if Macapagal lives up to his pledge to attack graft and corruption. The early signs are encouraging. Just after the election Macapagal repeated his promise, and named the respected Mayor Lacson of Manila as his adviser in the clean-up campaign. In order to keep corruption from becoming entrenched, Macapagal also promised to serve only one term and to obtain a constitutional amendment limiting future presidents to the same. This may return to plague him; it may mean that the struggle for the next presidential nomination will dominate his entire four years in office.

MACAPAGAL'S PROMISES to decentralize the government and to reduce government restrictions on business will be hard to keep in a nation that is trying hard to build up its own industry. Moreover, he must face the fact that the country's gold supply has been dwindling for the past year, and the value of the peso in relation to the dollar has been dropping. There has been a good deal of speculation that the peso will be devaluated within the next few months. What will happen then to another of Macapagal's promises, which certainly won him many votes—the promise to keep prices from rising any higher?

Macapagal has promised a "New Deal" for the Philippines. He has his work cut out for him, but at any rate his mandate, given in an orderly and democratic election, is a clear one.

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The Planned Economy of Steel

WILLARD R. NAGEL

PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S recent exhortation to the steel industry to recognize its public responsibilities and hold the line on prices evoked a prompt letter of reply from Roger Blough, the doughty board chairman of U.S. Steel and the industry's unofficial but acknowledged spokesman. Mr. Blough protested against the President's assumption that steel prices contributed to inflation and complained that Mr. Kennedy's advisers "seem to be assuming the role of informal price setters for steel. . . ." His letter concluded with a moving tribute to the virtues of free enterprise and competition. "We are . . . aware," he stated, "of the national interest in maintaining strong, healthy industrial units operating under open market circumstances which permit freely-entered into buyer-seller arrangements."

Few industries display more piety about free enterprise than the steel industry. Almost to a man, steel executives echo Mr. Blough's concern for "open market circumstances." Yet they administer uniform, industry-wide market, price, and wage policies that add up to something very like the planned economy they regard with such abhorrence in their public pronouncements.

Administered prices are related to administered wages in the steel industry. The United Steelworkers Union decides on a single wage formula that it tries to impose on every steel company in industry-wide bargaining. This policy has been a resounding success for the union and it has not hurt the companies, which have responded by adopting identical prices for most of their products. On the face of it, the industry's pricing behavior has a beguiling plausibility. After all, if wages go up, must not prices follow them? A large segment of the public seems to think so, and it never bothers to ask for the wage-price relationship. Some economists who have watched the upthrusting tendencies of steel's planned economy have shown that if allowance is made for productivity increases, the rise in steel prices has been double that of wages from 1947 to 1959. But despite the efforts of such economists to establish criteria by which to measure wage-price relationships, the industry has been getting away with its pricing policies.

Quite obviously the objective of this behavior is to eliminate the vexations of competition. It is much easier to do business when everyone plays the game according to the same rules. The result has been constantly rising steel prices.

Imports and Substitutes

There have been eleven steel price increases in twelve years. The steel industry has yet to trim its prices substantially in periods of low demand, and except for some minor price concessions on marginal products such as wire rope, a few specialty items, and reinforcing bars, it has ridden out four postwar recessions without yielding to downward price pressures.

So far this game of tag between wages and prices has been suspended during the present labor agreement in the steel industry. The union has obtained two wage increases, the first in December, 1960, averaging eight cents an hour, and the second on October 1, 1961, averaging seven cents an hour. The industry has absorbed both of these, plus a wage rise it granted in 1959 in accordance with its 1956 labor agreement, without having raised its prices.

The reason for this apparent restraint is not far to seek. The industry is increasingly having to face competition from imported steel and from steel substitutes, including plastics, prestressed concrete, aluminum, glass, and wood. The declining market for steel simply would not support higher prices.

President Kennedy addressed himself to steel's unique form of planned economy in his August 30 press conference when he said: "The inflation which marked our economy before 1958 was, I think, tied very closely to the increases in steel prices. Since 1958, the steel prices have remained relatively stable. And it is a fact that during that same period the cost of living has remained relatively stable."

Rigid steel prices have inhibited the elastic pricing necessary in many

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steel-consuming industries that are the first to feel fluctuations in demand. Many steel-consuming industries had to shave their prices during the 1960-1961 recession, but these reductions were insufficient to stimulate sales among workers whose buying power had been affected by unemployment or by reduced incomes from short work weeks.

A steelworker on layoff in Youngstown, Ohio, observed, "At least in the depression of the 1930's prices went down. Today they stay put no matter how many guys are out of work. I don't get it. Don't they want us to buy?"

THIS STEELWORKER'S perplexity reflects a refreshing absence of guile. How different has been the response of the steel industry to its declining fortunes! During the rerecent recession, steel output dropped to forty per cent of capacity. It has yet to rise above seventy-three per cent. (The industry now anticipates a sharp upturn in demand as a result of the scare buying that usually precedes its labor negotiations.) So alarmed were steel executives by this turn of events that they decided to conceal its dimensions by withholding information about their operating performance expressed as a percentage of their ability to produce steel at full capacity. Instead they tried to substitute an index of production based on the average operating rate for the period 1957-1959. Under this system, when steel production hovered at sixty-five per cent of capacity, it was expressed by the industry as ninety per cent of the 1957-1959 index. This statistical legerdemain fooled no one. It also failed to conceal the industry's astonishing ability to show a profit at severely depressed production levels. Nevertheless the industry has been grumbling about its high costs and declining earnings—a condition it calls the "profit squeeze."

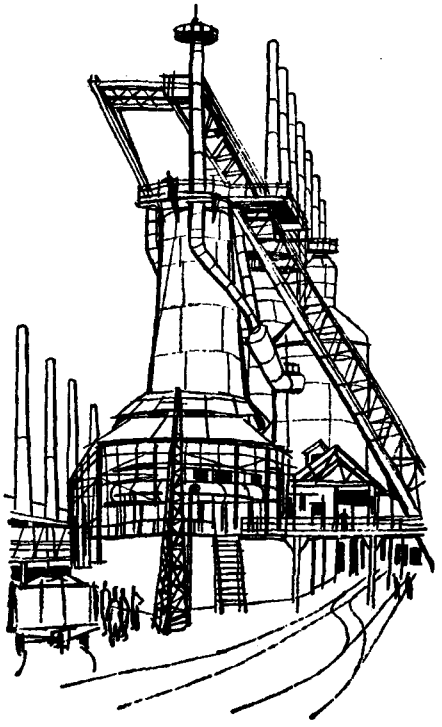
The European and Japanese steel producer, unlike the American, practices price flexibility. He may have one price for his overseas customers and another for his domestic customers. His price responds more quickly than that of the American to competition and goes down as well as up. In fact, the European is so wildly competitive by American steel-industry standards that he may forgo an immediate profit to meet a lower price and preserve his position in a market. He is commercially farsighted in contrast to the American, who has a myopic view of his markets that leads him to refer to price cutters as "chiselers" or operators without "price discipline."

Gentlemen Don't Sell

The inflexibility of steel's economic planning, and the circumscribed limits within which bold creative decisions can be made, inevitably produces a certain world-weariness in many management people in the steel industry.

For some years after the Second World War, steel was not sold but allocated, because there was not enough of it to satisfy the national demand. The customer could not afford to be discriminating about the quality or, often, the quantity of steel he received. He had to take what he could get and consider himself fortunate to be on a steel company's books.

A generation of steel management has matured during this period. To them, aggressive selling and imaginative marketing practices seem somehow crude and ungentlemanly. Some of them have characterized their relationship with their customers as "ambassadorial." "We are really nothing more than liaison men between our mills and the buyers," one of them told me.



A purchasing agent for one of the manufacturers of earth-moving equipment said that most of his steel buyers now combine extensive background in metallurgy with their business training. "Our people actually know much more about steel than most of the steel salesmen who call on us," he said. "Many of the big improvements we have made in our machinery have come from improved steels that our people have developed and asked the industry to produce for us. They grumble, but now they want to get along with us. It used to be the other way around, but they don't have things their own way any more."

How has steel's weary and harassed management met the onslaught of competitive materials?

One of the developments they point to pridefully is a product called Thin-Tin. Nothing very revolutionary, just a lighter gauge of tin plate to deflect the interest of canmakers from aluminum. Thin-Tin has yet to be produced commercially.

THIS is not to say that steel has not undergone improvements since the war. Of course it has. The industry has invested heavily in new equipment and product refinement. But the pressure for improvements has come from steel-consuming industries whose technology has improved much faster than steel's. The steel industry has never matched the imaginative product development of the aluminum producers.

A comparison of steel shipments with competitive materials shows clearly how steel is lagging behind its competitors. From a 1947 base, steel shipments in 1959 were up only about twelve per cent, while plywood increased 220 per cent, plastics (vinyl) 525 per cent, and Portland cement eighty per cent. And while the market for these materials expanded faster than steel's, their prices have advanced less.

As steel's competitors were gaining ground, steel output from 1940 to 1957 lagged behind the increase in the gross national product. Yet steel revenues soared beyond the dollar growth of the G.N.P., rising 378 per cent compared with an advance of

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340 per cent for G.N.P., a significant commentary on administered prices in steel. From 1947 to 1960, finished-steel prices advanced 105.5 per cent compared with a rise of 34.6 per cent in all commodities other than farm and food products, according to Bureau of Labor statistics data.

Not only has the industry lagged in product development but its addiction to traditional technology has been in shocking contrast to the innovating spirit of the European steelmakers. Indeed, the American steel industry has been technologically backward. European steelmakers, operating under difficulties (low-grade iron ores, deep coal mines, shortages of capital, etc.) that Americans have not had to contend with, are more inventive and resourceful. Many of the methods now being studied and adopted in the United States to simplify steelmaking and reduce its enormous costs have been developed by Europeans.

New oxygen steelmaking processes that some Americans once regarded with contempt can now produce steel at costs well below those of American open hearth and with only one-half to two-thirds the investment per ton of steel.

Semi-automatic blast furnaces developed in Russia and Belgium carry automatically mixed ingredients for ironmaking by continuous belt into furnaces that are operated scientifically by a few workers at control panels. American furnace managers are still using an inordinate amount of that "by guess and by God" to operate their furnaces. But the European scientific drive in steel is irresistible, and Americans are now rushing to the Continent to pick up tips on new developments.

European steelmakers, already inspired by the commercial opportunities of their Common Market, are selling steel all over the world, including underdeveloped countries where Americans might well develop markets of their own. The Europeans have organized multinational consortiums to provide packaged know-how on a variety of projects to the underdeveloped nations. This venturesomeness stimulates the demand for European steel.

The American steel industry has been shocked into awareness of its competitive problems, but it seeks the kind of timorous solutions to be expected from a planned economy. Its response to most of its difficulties has been to raise its prices or at least to propose increases. This is not so surprising considering the success of the industry's pricing policy.

During the fourth quarter of 1961, the rate of return on investment for the steel industry may amount to 10.5 per cent after taxes, equal to the average of the last fourteen years, according to a study by the President's Council of Economic Advisers. This figure allows for the wage increases that became effective on October 1. The steel industry can now make profits at low operating rates. In fact, some economists estimate that its break-even point is as low as thirty-five per cent. Obviously, as the present recovery accelerates, steel profits may rise beyond the projected 10.5 per cent. Yet steel justifies its pricing practices by lachrymose references to its inadequate profits.

The decision by General Motors to absorb its recent wage increases without boosting automobile prices, coupled with that of the aluminum industry to lower its prices, may not have gone unnoticed in the chambers of steel's economic planners. It may explain in part steel's sudden silence about a price increase.

The United Steelworkers Union has been no passive witness to steel's planned economy, but an active participant. It has demanded higher wages and benefits for its members to protect them from the inflation set off by soaring steel prices. It succeeded because it knew very well that the industry's safety valve was its ability to raise prices almost at will. But this chain of circumstances is now broken. Competition has reached the steel industry, and it can no longer command its markets by widening the gulf between its prices and those of its competitors at home and abroad.

The Prospects for Profit Sharing

Until now the steel industry has responded to President Kennedy's plea to hold the line on prices, and now the Steelworkers are getting admonitions from Secretary of Labor Goldberg to demonstrate comparable restraint. Clearly the union will face public and government opposition if it presents the steel industry with substantial wage demands in 1962. As a result, it may well be scrutinizing the profit-sharing plan that Walter Reuther negotiated with American Motors. Profit sharing in steel would rob the companies of their strongest excuse for raising prices, namely that of higher labor costs. Profit sharing rises and falls with fluctuating revenues and should not increase labor costs.

Profit sharing would make it easier for the steel industry to adopt a more flexible pricing policy at home and abroad. This is an essential competitive move for the industry to make. Then too, the theology of free enterprise, which the industry espouses with such enthusiasm, calls for prices to fluctuate with the peaks and valleys of demand.

Within the framework of profit sharing, the union must also seek greater protection for workers replaced by automation. Output per man-hour in the steel industry, now rising with the upturn in business, warrants improvements in programs to salvage workers whose jobs are jeopardized by technological change and precludes the need for steel price increases. The Steelworkers have already indicated their determination to cushion the effects of automation on their members. Industry must share their resolution.

Some economists think that administered prices are an inevitable and indispensable part of our modern economy. Of course, scores of industries besides steel practice administered pricing. But when wage and price policies are abused in an industry as basic as steel, the general price structure is infected and unemployment can result. When the government then steps in and expands the money supply with heavy expenditures to support unemployment, as it must, inflation results and prices rise even higher. The national economy is now on the threshold of such an inflation. It can be thwarted if the administrators of steel's planned economy in both labor and management resist the temptation to continue exercising monopoly power on the national economy.

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A Short Story

The Last Day

HENIA KARMEL-WOLFE

Pim is pulling a chair on a long rope. The chair is heavy and twice his size and Pim is perspiring and panting heavily.

"Giddy-up, giddy-up, horsy—giddy-up!" he cries and looks around.

But today nobody pays any attention to him. Mother lies curled up on the bed, Ditta looks out the window, Mama Helka paces up and down the room, and Daddy is drumming with his fingers on the table top. Pim is very disappointed. He is accustomed to being the center of attention and now, unexpectedly, he is left to himself. "Now I am going to plow," he declares loudly, and waits for a reaction. Then, as this too fails, he makes a last attempt.

"Giddy-up, giddy-up, horsy!" he shouts in a very loud voice. "Giddy-up, giddy-up, damn you!"

Now, now it is going to happen. Now Mama will get up, come to him, slap him lightly and there will be sparkles of laughter twinkling in her eyes. "You naughty, naughty boy," she will say. "Who teaches you such words?" And everybody will be laughing.

But today nobody laughs. Mama remains motionless, Ditta stares out the window, and Daddy continues drumming his fingers on the table. Pim sighs with disappointment; one can never know what adults will do next. He shrugs his shoulders resignedly and begins to climb up the chair—first one knee, then the other. Look, everybody, how tall he is! He can even see through the window. He can see the fields, the road, the little chapel, and Marcin the shepherd boy with his cows. How lucky he is, this Marcin. When Pim grows up he too is going to be a shepherd, or maybe "Judenrat" like Uncle Shulim.

Oh, Uncle Shulim, here he comes. From afar Pim recognizes his cap, coat, and high boots. Uncle Shulim is tall, very tall, up to the sky—so tall that he has to stoop and bend his head when he passes through the door. He wears an armband with red letters next to the blue star, and everybody greets him first. He is wonderful, Uncle Shulim. He will open the door and "Pim!," he will call from the threshold, "Pim!" and he will bend down with his pipe smell and be as small as Pim, and then he will lift Pim up and Pim will be as big as Uncle Shulim. "You little monkey," he will say. "You monkey," and he will kiss Pim hard and scratch him a little with his rough cheek.

Pim slips off the chair and trots to the door to open it for Uncle Shulim. But Uncle Shulim does not seem to notice him and when Pim pulls at his trouser leg he pushes him aside as if Pim were not Pim at all but the neighbor's little dog. He goes up to Daddy, leans over him, whispers something in his ear. Daddy's face becomes very white and he looks at Mama and Mama looks at Uncle Shulim and so do Mama Helka and Ditta, and everybody's eyes seem very large. Then they start talking together, disorderly, loud and again softly, in whispers. Heads bend toward one another and draw apart. Mama hides her face in her hands.

Daddy stands up, climbs the ladder to the attic, and looks for something in the straw of the thatched roof. "How could you bury it so deep?" Mama Helka cries out. She seems very upset. "How could you bury it so deep?" Pim repeats after her and laughs. He is holding the ladder. Look, look, everybody, how he is helping his daddy.

But nobody notices.

Now something unexpected is happening. Ditta is dragging the big old trunk into the middle of the room. The same trunk that has traveled with them from Krakow to Lublin, from Lublin to Siedlce, through all the stops of their wanderings. The trunk is seldom opened; it is an enchanted treasure. There are winter clothes smelling of moth balls, old pieces of velvet saved from Grandmother's dress, a broken ivory fan, and many, many more strange things, But, best of all, at the very bottom of the trunk there are the pictures: of Daddy when he was a little boy not much bigger than Pim, and of Mama from the time when Pim was not yet here—when he was still "on the roof," as Uncle Shulim says. Pim is never allowed to touch the pictures. Only sometimes Mama

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will take him on her lap, show them to him, and tell funny stories.

Now here they are scattered over the earthen floor of the hut, neglected, unnecessary like rubbish. And Pim sits down, picks up the little cardboard rectangles, looks at them one by one, puts them together like a pack of cards, and nobody cares that he sits on this very dirty floor in his freshly washed pants.

Now the door opens and in comes Uncle Mendel with the goatee, Mr. Adler, and silly Mayer who stutters. They are saying something to Uncle Shulim, and Uncle Shulim becomes red in his face and shouts at them angrily. Pim has never before heard Uncle Shulim shout in this way. And, because of this shouting, in comes Uncle Herschel from the adjoining room. Pim loves Uncle Herschel very much. Uncle Herschel sometimes takes Pim on his lap, sticks a paper cigarette in his mouth, and teaches him how to puff. Pim will tug on Uncle's cap and Uncle will take it off and place it on Pim's head. The big cap will fall down to his nose and cover his eyes and Uncle and Pim will roll in laughter. "You are already a grown-up Jew," Uncle Herschel will say. "You must not be without a hat."

But what is wrong with Uncle Herschel now? What is he doing? Isn't he fully dressed? Why is he putting on one shirt on top of another, and still another one? He tries to button the shirts and cannot because his hands are shaking.

The door opens again; it is Hanka with David. She is very excited and her hair is all tumbled as if she has not combed it. She holds tightly to David's arm and says something to Uncle Herschel and Uncle Herschel takes a little bundle out of his pocket, gives it to Hanka, and stretches his hands out to her.

"Don't say good-by, for God's sake don't say good-by!," Hanka screams suddenly. She runs out the door pulling David after her and does not look back.

Uncle Herschel remains there, his arms outstretched. He stands there for a while and then brings them down slowly, very slowly, as if they were heavy, as if they were not his arms at all but two sticks attached to his body. When finally he turns around, Pim sees that Uncle Herschel is crying. But before Pim can ask why he is crying the door opens again and in come Aunt Mita and Lilka and Natalka the peasant girl. Natalka is saying something to Aunt Mita who does not seem to understand what it is she wants of her. Natalka takes the kerchief off and ties it on Lilka's head.

"Little Miss looks very good indeed," Natalka says. "Little Miss does not look Jewish at all."

She nods approvingly and says some more Pim cannot understand, but through the torrent of words he hears "taken away." And now, for the first time, Pim bursts out crying. That evening before, when Uncle Misha went out and they waited and waited for him with supper, they had also been saying "taken away." And Uncle Misha never came back. Marcin the shepherd boy says Uncle Misha was killed. Pim does not quite know what "killed" means, but he knows that it is something terrible because when he asks about Uncle Misha they don't answer and only grow very still. That is why he is crying.

Now for the first time they notice him.

"The baby, what is going to happen to the baby?" Mama cries out in a terrible voice and she covers her face with her hands.

Everybody looks at Pim, and Daddy looks first at Pim and then at Mama and his lower lip starts trembling and he bites into it. Suddenly everything becomes very quiet. Pim climbs into his mother's lap, pulls away her hands, and tries to look into her eyes.

Mama puts him down gently, goes to the crib, and takes his suit out from under his pillow. Then she kneels before him, takes off his slippers, and kisses his feet, first one then the other. Pim has stopped crying and only sniffles quietly. Through his tears he asks, "Mama, why do you put dirty shoes on me?" The high boots, his prized possession, are muddy and Mama does not seem to notice.

At this moment the door bangs open and the village elder Kowalski with the long curled-up mustache stamps in followed by another man, a very tall man, with an iron hat, beautiful gleaming black boots, and a green coat with shiny buttons. The tall man yells something at Uncle Shulim and shakes a little black thing at him. And Uncle Shulim, big wonderful Uncle Shulim, steps backward and his knees bend and he doesn't seem to be as tall as he used to be. He doesn't even seem to be as tall as Uncle Herschel.

They all go outside and climb into the horse wagon—Mama and Daddy, Uncle Shulim and Aunt Regina and Putzi and Mimi and Mama Helka and Ditta and Uncle Herschel. The overloaded wagon shakes and lurches forward, splashing mud to the side of the road. Behind, more wagons come, all full of people. Daddy puts his arms around Mama, Mama holds Pim tightly, Mama Helka and Ditta sit so close to each other that it is hard to tell where one stops and the other begins. Only Uncle Herschel is sitting by himself. He lifts his eyes up and moves his lips soundlessly. Uncle Herschel is praying. Suddenly Pim feels sorry for Uncle Herschel, and climbing down from his mother's lap he crawls up to Uncle Herschel and places his cheek on the big dark fist. Uncle Herschel looks at him sadly, shakes his head, and does not interrupt his prayer. After a while he bends down to Pim and asks him in a whisper: "Do you remember what Uncle taught you, do you remember how one prays?"

Pim remembers and repeats after Uncle Herschel: "Sh'ma Yisroel Adonoi Elohaynu Adonoi Echod."

The wagon bounces on the uneven road and splashes mud around. It is getting colder and colder; it drizzles. Mama wraps Pim in a blanket; he dozes off. He feels Mama kissing him, at first quietly and gently, and then harder and harder. He wakes up crying. He feels these are not the usual kisses. "Mama," he cries, "why do you kiss so hard? It hurts."

The wagon shakes over the muddy road. It is getting darker and colder and the drizzle changes to rain. In the distance, dark against the overcast sky, rise the church steeples of Izbica.

"Where are we going, Mama?" Pim asks.

Mama looks at him and doesn't answer right away. And then she says slowly, "To the trains. Just to the trains . . ."

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The Neo-Actionists

ELAINE KENDALL

FASHIONS in antisocial behavior come and go, but larceny in its various forms remains a classic. During the last few months, however, theft has gone to startling new lengths. Like all the really important revolutions in style, the current vogue for artnapping started in France.

On July 16, 1961, fifty-seven Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings were stolen from the Annonciade Museum in Saint-Tropez. Two-thirds of the museum's collection was removed, and the best two-thirds at that. The paintings were insured against fire but apparently not against theft, or not sufficiently to make much difference. Saint-Tropez has been heavily publicized as a casual resort, and this laissez-faire atmosphere apparently extended to the management of the museum, where paintings valued at two million dollars were all but unguarded. Keys to the gallery were easier to get than hotel rooms, and there was no alarm system in the building. There was a barred gate and a steel door, but these were apparently forced without attracting any attention. Vacationers in Saint-Tropez have better things to do at night than watch the doors of a museum. Whoever pulled this coup was obviously an old Saint-Tropez hand, with impeccable taste. A third of the paintings was left, and the rejects were about evenly divided between the two floors. One doesn't choose among two million dollars' worth of great paintings in a minute in the dark. There was no evidence of vandalism. Since insurance doesn't seem to be a factor here, it is doubtful that the paintings are being held for ransom. If art can be pure, I suppose that art theft can be pure too, in a limited sense. An insurance company might be rich enough to buy back the pictures, but the museum itself almost certainly is not. If it were, it would presumably own more paintings and fancier padlocks.

Another A-1 theft took place at Aix-en-Provence on August 13. This time eight Cézannes were taken, but their value is almost equal to the fifty-seven paintings stolen from Saint-Tropez. This was a loan exhibition, and the paintings had come to the Vendôme Pavilion from private collectors and museums all over the world. They had been scheduled to leave Aix two days after the theft. There is a lesson here for art lovers—always see a loan show early.

One of the most titillating of the recent thefts was the disappearance, on August 21, of the Goya portrait of the Duke of Wellington. In the art-theft race, England may lag behind France in quantity, but it certainly has no reason to blush over the quality of the work being done. The Goya was in place on its red tapestry screen at 7:40 P.M. At 10:05, it was gone, but the guards—the museum is thoroughly patrolled every twenty minutes—assumed that it had been removed for cleaning or something equally proper. Theft was not suspected until the next morning. The electronic alarm system had been conveniently disconnected so that a corps of charwomen could make their rounds without setting it ringing. The chars themselves must have been difficult to elude, but nevertheless someone made off with a little bit of England from right under their noses, and no one the wiser.

On September 2, a threat was received by Reuter's, asking that £140,000 be paid to charities—otherwise strips would be torn from the Goya and a second masterpiece would disappear. An earlier letter, which had described the back of the painting (everyone knew what the front looked like), was believed to be the genuine one, or *more* genuine, anyway. Scotland Yard and Interpol have been called in, but the affair is still a mass of contradiction and confusion. And the painting, which was not insured, is still missing.

The only case of an artnapper treating his haul with disrespect during the current outbreak was the Thompson robbery in Pittsburgh, on July 29. The Pittsburgh job was a disgrace—paintings were ripped and torn from their frames with a vicious abandon more appropriate to aggravated assault than larcenous art appreciation. Six Picassos, two Légers, one Dufy, and one Miró were stolen, all crudely. This thief obviously knew nothing about art and had no idea what he liked. They order these things better in Europe.

WHAT appeared to be a more neatly managed American theft was carried out on September 11, in Beverly Hills, California. The tastefulness of this American case almost seemed to make up for the Pittsburgh mess. Four paintings were stolen from Mr. D. E. Bright—two Picassos, a Modigliani, and an Afro abstraction. The thief left a Degas pastel behind, although it was valued at $125,000. The Modigliani was worth a mere $66,000, and an overly generous estimate for the Afro was $20,000. There seemed reason to hope that not *all* our art thieves are uncultured thugs. Eventually, however, the drama ended in a characteristic Hollywood fade-out. The supercolossal estimates of values were revised downward and the thief confessed that it was all a publicity stunt.

On September 21, still another major art robbery took place, in New York. This caper was typically American in style; the paintings were hijacked in the very best B-

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movie tradition. The works taken included six pieces of sculpture and one painting. Hijacking a truck full of sculpture makes a great deal of sense; after all, any thief staggering out of a museum with Picasso's "Head of a Woman," a Henry Moore "Mother and Child," and a Maillol "Bather" would be a rather conspicuous figure. There were three other sculptures in this haul as well—a second Moore, an Armitage, and another "Head of a Woman," this one by Henri Laurens. The sculpture had been bought in London by a well-known American collector, Joseph Hirshhorn. It was flown to this country on September 13, stored for a week, and was on its way to a bonded warehouse when, according to the New York *Times*, a man climbed into the truck, forcing the driver at gunpoint to drive to Brooklyn. Once in Brooklyn, the truck driver was taken for a three-hour ride in a sedan. Bound and gagged but otherwise unharmed, he was returned to his empty truck. On the following day the *Times* revised its original version of the story—the truck driver admitted that he and three friends had planned the whole thing as an ordinary theft. The massive contents of the truck both surprised and disappointed them. You either like statues or you don't.

On September 26, another $300,000 worth of art (old masters this time) was stolen from the villa of Baron Gabriele Ortolani di Bordonaro, near Palermo. The baron was quoted in the press as saying, "Whoever they were, they were led by experts." If so, they were whimsical experts—because they also removed a photograph of one of the baron's aunts, perhaps for contrast with the Rembrandt and the Van Dyck portraits of other ladies.

Some rather bizarre theories have been advanced to explain all this unprecedented activity in the art world. In its own way it has provided as much excitement as the first exhibition of the Fauves, the Armory Show, and the Kirkeby auction at Parke-Bernet combined. After all, we've had so little real novelty lately—just Action and Re-Action. These thefts may be said to represent a Neo-Action, and as such they are as deserving of close examination as any other artistic innovation.

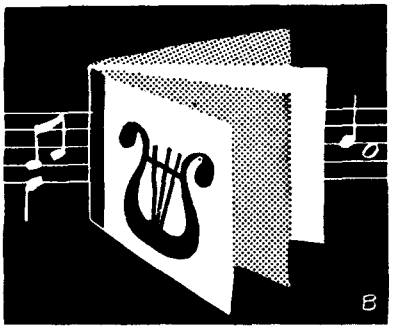
One guess is that the paintings have been smuggled into Iron Curtain countries. (*Life* likes this one.) But we must consider that modern painting is out of favor there, and I don't think you could get fifty rubles for a hot Miró in Red Square.

Some alternative destinations suggested have been South America and Arabia. There is plenty of money down there and out there. Still, the sheiks have been happy enough until now with their fleets of Cadillacs, and there's no reason to suspect that they've suddenly decided to make the desert bloom with Cézannes. In any case, they could well afford to buy paintings through proper channels, as they do their cars. Assuming that you could find a sheik or a cattle king who loved art for its own sake and was discreet enough to keep the pictures hidden, it's still a very small market for a stack of paintings valued at more than six million dollars.

The most logical explanation is that the insurance companies are quietly paying ransom. Unfortunately, this is also the most limited theory, because by far the largest percentage of stolen art (the fifty-seven at Saint-Tropez, the Goya "Duke of Wellington") was not insured at all. We have a lot of paintings here to account for, and while threats may work on some of the people some of the time, it might not be practical on so grand a scale. Not everyone will simply hold his peace while he pays out a fortune in ransom, especially when the hostages are inanimate.

The usual maneuvers to disguise and resell stolen goods are worthless in the case of art. Masterpieces can't be spent like money. Every painting is a marked bill. There's no point in spraying them a different color, like cars. Of course they could be "discovered" twenty years from now, but the chief appeal of robbery, to the robber, is a quick return. Thieves are not long-term investors. The paintings can't be cut up and reset, like jewels, nor is it likely that they have been restyled, like furs. What's the point in buying a Matisse that looks like a Gottlieb? Disposing of major sculpture presents all of these obstacles and then some. You just can't be furtive about a ton of marble, even with the worst will in the world. Famous collectors, the sort who let charity groups tour their houses and who bequeath their collections to museums, would hardly buy bootleg paintings. The whole theory that the stuff is going to collectors—North American, South American, Arabian, or Russian—is as full of holes as a Henry Moore. Art bought as Art must be *seen*. And this is even more true of art bought as a status symbol. After all, there is no such thing as a secret status symbol.

RECORD NOTES



Donizetti: Lucia di Lammermoor. Joan Sutherland, Renato Cioni, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, *et al.*; chorus and orchestra of l'Accademia di Santa Cecilia, John Pritchard, cond. (*London*, 3 *records; mono*, A 4355; *stereo*, OSA 1327.)

One's delight at hearing a *Lucia* with all the traditional cuts restored is directly proportionate to one's delight with the opera itself. Mine, I fear, is rather limited. Try as I may to nurture the proper responses (*Lucia* is very much "in" these days), the work remains for me a trite and tiresome mishmash of operatic bromides. As a consequence, London's initiative in searching out the Donizetti manuscript and presenting the opera in its pristine condition leaves me with mixed feelings. I admire the impulse and acknowledge the gain in dramatic cogency (the restored scenes serve, for example, to round out the character of Enrico, Lucia's mean brother), but the end result is to serve up more of *Lucia* than at least one listener wants to hear. At any rate, the performance on these three records leaves almost nothing to be desired. Joan Sutherland, who won a tumultuous ovation for her Metropolitan debut in

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this role, negotiates the roulades and cadenzas with spectacular aplomb, and the assurance and agility of the Sutherland pyrotechnics serve to offset any dramatic lapses. Renato Cioni is a pleasant-sounding new tenor, freer than most of his kind from vulgar mannerisms, and Cesare Siepi is his usual dependable self. The real star of the occasion, however, is Robert Merrill, whose powerfully conceived characterization of the blackguardly, unscrupulous Enrico manages to turn attention away from the warbling tormentee and onto the complex tormentor. John Pritchard, a youngish British opera conductor, gives a well-paced, nononsense account of the score, and London's engineers provide expectably gratifying sound.

BACH: VERGNUEGTE RUH' (Cantata No. 170). Aafje Hevnis, contralto; Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, Szymon Goldberg, cond. (*Epic; mono,* LC 3805; *stereo,* BC 1146.)

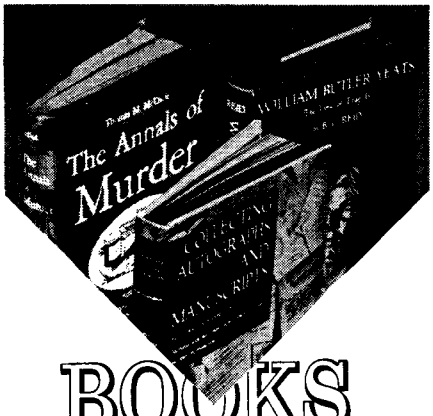
Put to the blindfold test, I would be tempted to identify the voice on this record as belonging to the late Kathleen Ferrier. But the singer is Aafje Heynis, a Dutch contralto in her twenties who is just now on the threshold of an international career. The resemblance to Ferrier is not merely one of vocal timbre but also of musical character. Miss Heynis is able to convey the impression of direct honesty and tender simplicity in her singing, and—like Ferrier—she can persuade us that she believes in every word and note that she utters. In addition to the whole of *Vergnügte Ruh'* (not out of Bach's top cantata drawer but full of sober beauties nevertheless), the disc contains a collection of alto arias from the *Christmas Oratorio* and Cantatas Nos. 34 and 108.

DEBUSSY: SONGS. Gérard Souzay, baritone; Dalton Baldwin, piano. (*Deutsche Grammophon; mono,* 18758; *stereo,* 138758.)

Leave it to the Germans to title a record jacket "Gérard Souzay sings Lieder by Claude Debussy"! But don't let semantics put you off. The performances themselves are sparklingly French and altogether admirable. Souzay has progressed far since he first burst upon the scene as a soulful young baritone ten or more years ago. He seemed then a suave but rather spiritless crooner who found himself in his element only when spinning out slow, lugubrious songs of the *"Au cimitière"* type. Souzay is still an impressive spinner-outer, as witness *"Clair de lune"* in this collection, but he can now also summon forth the requisite snap and brio for *"Chevaux de bois,"* the frothy humor for *"Fantoches,"* the muted drama for *"Colloque sentimental."* In short, this is to acknowledge that the "new" Souzay is a performer of greatly enriched interpretative powers and that he can be considered at last the true successor (as well as the most accomplished pupil) of his celebrated mentor, Pierre Bernac. Souzay's choice of Debussy "Lieder" advances chronologically from *"Beau soir"* of 1878 to the *"Promenoir des deux amants"* cycle of 1910 and manages to include a goodly assortment of the composer's most beautiful songs. The accompaniments of Dalton Baldwin could not be bettered, but the same can hardly be said for Deutsche Grammophon's presentation—which provides the French texts but no translations, no annotations, and no dates.

STRAVINSKY: JEU DE CARTES. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch, cond. (*RCA Victor; mono,* LM 2567; *stereo,* LSC 2567.)

Jeu de Cartes (1936), subtitled "A Ballet in Three Deals," is pure entertainment music in the neo-classic "start and stop" style which Stravinsky pioneered and which until recently was the lingua franca of all young American composers. Its bright and brassy instrumentation, its rhythmic ingenuities, its sly quotations from other composers are the work of a master on a carefree binge, and it is good to have it all re-exposed in an up-to-date recording by a virtuoso orchestra. The Poulenc Organ Concerto (1938) on the overside is also done to perfection. Munch is well attuned to its mood of ironic grandiloquence, and the RCA engineers have managed to put a startling amount of undistorted sound into the stereo grooves (nothing makes more noise than a large pipe organ and a full-scale orchestra blaring forth without inhibitions). A coupling highly recommended on all counts. —ROLAND GELATT



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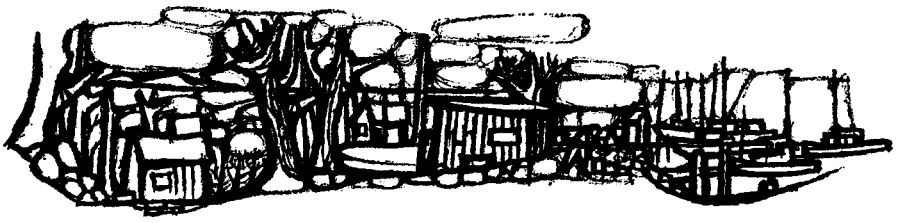

Found in Translation

M. L. ROSENTHAL

IMITATIONS, by Robert Lowell. *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $4.50.*

"Imitations" is Robert Lowell's modestly accurate term for his attempts to translate a number of poems by some eighteen Europeans from Homer to Pasternak into "alive English," as though they had been written "now and in America." It is a risky business, and doubtless Mr. Lowell will come in for some of the same kind of criticism Pound once received for his "adaptations" from Propertius and others. He shares Pound's view that a translation should be neither an unalphabetized lexicon nor a formal strait jacket. The poet-translator, as opposed to the pedantic one, has as his motive an idiomatic and emotional tone which has compelled him in the original and which he has brought somehow into harmony with his own poetic voice. He will be faithful to the spirit of the original and adhere closely to it if he can, yet must be making a new poem in his own language at the same time. At any rate, that is his somewhat mystical ideal. "My licences," Mr. Lowell cheerfully confides, "have been many. I have dropped lines, moved lines, moved stanzas, changed images and altered meter and intent."

So then, if you want a trot (for Sappho especially, I might add), *don't* turn to this book. Not only does Mr. Lowell omit or add sections, not only does he put together passages from different poems, but he makes vigorous extensions into effects and thoughts purely his own. Thus, he changes Giacomo Leopardi's *"A Silvia"* into something more violently passionate, partly by adding a characteristically Lowellian imagery:

> *. . . my life was burning out,*
> *and the heat*
> *of my writings made the letters*
> *wriggle and melt*
> *under drops of sweat.*

He does the same kind of thing even with Baudelaire's *"Au Lecteur"* and *"Voyage à Cythère,"* poems exceptionally bitter and writhing to start with. He gives them a contemporary American thrust by occasional injections of language more frankly sexual or scatological than Baudelaire's. With poets like Annensky and Pasternak he has had to work as Pound did with the English versions of Chinese poetry (in *Japanese* translation) he received from Ernest Fenollosa's papers. That is, since he knows no Russian, he has taken his leads from literal prose renderings and from other poets' translations. All these tackings-about and problems make for distortions that will dismay one kind of scholarly mind. In practice, from the viewpoint toward translation that considers it as ideally a meeting of kindred sensibilities, they present no real obstacle. (The purist must always go back to the original anyway.) The real importance of what Lowell does must be seen in the light of the whole drift of poetry today.

ONE REASON I say this is simply that he has been the most forceful poet to emerge in our country since the last war. The authors and pieces he selects, and his handling of them, are deeply interesting for the way they illuminate his thinking and modern poetic thinking generally. For instance, he shows us how deeply rooted our most impressive work still is in the French Symbolists of the last century; over a third of these pieces are from Baudelaire and Rimbaud, with whom he actually competes—indeed, it is his way throughout *Imitations* to vie with his poets in their realizations of themselves. In the Rimbaud pieces especially, he brings out that poet's sense of the sticky vulnerability of childhood with unusual emphasis, a result of Lowell's fierce private identification with Rimbaud's sensibility.

Eliot and Pound have loved to talk about "the tradition"—that is, the vital consciousness of the past that goes on informing our own day and is continually being remade by the most original writers. It is interesting to see to which of those two poets' acknowledged masters Lowell —their most likely heir—pays homage in *Imitations.* Those he includes (no doubt there are others, such as Dante, whom he would insist on, although they are not represented here) are Homer, Sappho, Villon, Heine, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, and Valéry. His approach to these writers is less pedagogical than Pound's, less stylistically absorbed than Eliot's. He uses them in two opposed ways: first, to discover resemblances in them to himself; second, to provide himself with new departures. The bit of Homer he gives us is a blazingly rapid and pity-laden picture of Achilles' remorseless slaying of Lykaon, which sounds as though a typical Lowell poem had been translated into classical Greek. His Heine is an infinitely sharpened variant of the swaggering ironist in whom Pound saw himself mirrored—a far subtler, more passionately mordant Heine driven to extremities of bitterness and to a language approaching that of the Symbolists as he awaits his death. Rimbaud is seen not only in the way I have already mentioned but also in an unusual aspect, as a poet of the pity of war and of social and political disillusionment, as well as a sensualist who could paint a scene realistically in rich,

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bold colors. In turning his attention to such work, as in his Villon translations, Lowell deliberately, if only temporarily, abandons his own tremendous inwardness and his agonized use of his literal self as his chief subject, which he perhaps carried to their furthest limits in his 1959 volume, *Life Studies*.

To the Eliot-Pound list of "masters" this volume would add a number of others: Rilke, Montale, and Pasternak especially. With all these men we can see Lowell pursuing the same double aim of finding some kinship and at the same time teaching himself new tones, rhythms, and perspectives that will help him, it may be, to remake himself as a poet—that is, to use his gifts in quite altered ways in the future. Thus, among the Rilke poems included, two are very much in the vein of the familiar Lowell: the poet's sad contemplation of a youthful portrait of his father, and his self-distrustful yet ultimately assertive look at himself. The most effective poem in this group, though, is a reinterpretation of the legend of Orpheus and Eurydice, which requires a tremendous adaptability on the translator's part if he is to catch Rilke's mysteriously quiet but powerful projection of imagination. We see the myth from Eurydice's standpoint; she has gone beyond earthly love, beyond caring for Orpheus or even being aware of him:

She was drowned in herself, as in a
higher hope,
and she didn't give the man in front
of her a thought,
nor the road climbing to life.
She was in herself. Being dead
fulfilled her beyond fulfillment.
Like an apple full of sugar and darkness,
she was full of her decisive death,
so green she couldn't bite into it.
She was still in her marble maidenhood,
untouchable. Her sex had closed house,
like a young flower rebuking the
night air.

Lowell's ten translations of Montale may be the single most significant section of this book. Montale (the Italian poet who, many claim, is at least equally deserving with Quasimodo of the Nobel Prize) has been neglected in English-speaking countries until very recently, and it is clear that we must absorb his writing into our consciousness. His work seems to me almost the ultimate in quiet, depressed, but savage statement of the paradoxes of modern man's awareness, a statement that has its glowing moments in such a poem as *"l'Anguilla"* but is perhaps most self-consistent in *"La Casa dei doganieri."* The former poem has the dauntlessness of Yeats's "Lapis Lazuli" in its enormous empathy with the eel, "the North Sea siren," that makes its way further and further inland through estuaries and rivers and "delicate capillaries of slime" to its destined mating places. It is "love's arrow on earth" and points to the meaning of human love in its twin extremes of grossness and beauty, and beyond that to the meaning of the whole human condition. The second of these poems is not so much this kind of difficult, tortuous effort at affirmation (ending in a rainbow burst that is still but a question) as it is a bitter poem of resistance to the thought of the constant erosion of memory and meaning that makes even the most significant human experience so transient. It is difficult to give a proper impression of Montale without citing whole poems and even showing their relation to the original Italian—a remark that might imply that translation itself is useless were it not for the simple fact that the contrary is true. There is something mysterious in even the worst translations. One gets—except in the notorious instance of Pushkin, whose genius no non-Russian-speaking reader can ever be convinced of—some breath of life of the original that gives at least a ghostly impression of wonderful ranges of language still to be explored. In these highly sensitive if idiosyncratic translations by Lowell much more is achieved, a reaching out from one world of associations to another that is in its way an essential communication.

What Lowell feels in common with Rilke and Montale, and with Pasternak too, is an ultimate heaviness of spirit that goes hand in hand with a dazzling keenness of response to sense impression, with the most varied moods, and with a very pure sense of potential joy and perfection. You can get it all, perhaps, in the simple opening lines of Montale's "Arsenio":

Roof-high, winds worrying winds
rake up the dust, clog the chimney-
ventilators,
drum through the bald, distracted
little squares,
where a few senile, straw-hatted
horses wheeze
by the El Dorado of the rooming
houses' windows in the sun.

Pasternak, of course, can be much gayer, as gay as his lovers in "Wild Vines":

Beneath a willow entwined with ivy,
we look for shelter from the bad
weather;
one raincoat covers both our shoulders—
my fingers rustle like the wild vine
around your breasts. . . .

Usually, though, he is juggling more elements, more facets of mood and perception, as in "The Seasons":

Spring! I leave the street of
astonished pines
alarmed distances,
the awkward classical wooden house,
apprehending its downfall—
the air blue as piles of faded sky-blue
denim
lugged by the prisoners from their
wards!

The age is breaking—pagan Rome,
thumbs down on clowns. . . .
The overpaid gladiator must die in
earnest.

But each of these poets is a world unto himself, and there is no use in my trying to sum up even my own limited knowledge of such disparate figures. Besides, I quite agree with Mr. Lowell's introductory comment that "this book is partly self-sufficient and separate from its sources, and should be first read as a sequence, one voice running through many personalities, contrasts and repetitions." As such it is an extraordinary enterprise. Despite the fact that we live in an age of fine translation, we usually get our really good interpretations one short poem at a time, in scattered volumes, or else in long, sustained treatments of a single author—the two most notable such works in recent times being, probably, Horace Gregory's *Metamorphoses* and Robert Fitzgerald's *Odyssey*. But *Imitations* is remarkable in

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its gathering together of so much exciting work by so many different authors within the same covers and interpreted by the same hand, and that hand so strong and disciplined. Mr. Lowell has discovered for himself and his readers so many new points of sympathy that this book must inevitably be a bridge for him to the most interesting new future directions. More scholarly and literal treatments, such as we find in Stanley Burnshaw's endlessly informative *The Poem Itself*, are unquestionably essential for the reader who wishes to penetrate the original accomplishments of foreign poets in their own languages. But Mr. Lowell's book is likely to prove one of the germinative works of its kind for the coming poetic age. « »

The Season's Art Books

HILTON KRAMER

THE EARTHLY PARADISE: ART IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, by Werner Hofmann. Translated from the German by Brian Battershaw. *Braziller. $25.*

At first glance this large and elegantly printed volume, with its sumptuous plates and elaborate foldout pages, looks like just another holiday gift item, but its text proves to be an interesting and highly original interpretation of European painting and sculpture from the period of Goya and the French Revolution to Cézanne and the advent of twentieth-century innovations. The author, an Austrian art historian, is also a gifted and adventurous critic. His approach to this rich and well-documented period eschews the kind of historical-formalist analysis that dominates modern art histories and museum monographs, and offers instead a bold confrontation of the new subjects and philosophic themes that occupied the major artists of the nineteenth century. Radical changes in form and aesthetic method are by no means overlooked, but Dr. Hofmann is especially concerned to relate artistic innovations to a wider range of historical experience than most writers on art are normally prepared to examine.

The breakdown of religious belief, the impact of the Enlightenment and the idea of social democracy, the simultaneous development of industrialism and Romantic metaphysics that gave rise to Naturalist and Symbolist aesthetics at virtually the same moment—these and other historical currents are the materials Dr. Hofmann includes in his examination of the iconographic and stylistic evolution of the century's most significant art. Interpretations of utopian communities and world expositions mingle with aesthetic analysis and philosophic speculation. Adapting a scheme of Nietzschean dialectics for his purposes, Dr. Hofmann is constantly posing the question of how the nineteenth-century artist, deprived of religious and social conventions, made artistic sense of both his private experience and the public world in which he lived. The result is a brilliant Existentialist critique of the images of man, nature, and society as they emerge from the Realist, Impressionist, and Symbolist movements.

Dr. Hofmann's text does not always make easy or agreeable reading, however. The translator admits to some difficulties in rendering the style of the original, and one sympathizes with his task. There are maddening repetitions and redundancies, and as with all ambitious dialectical criticism, the method threatens in the end to explain too much, to provide too neat and too complete an explanation for an epoch so rich and contradictory in its achievements. All the same, Dr. Hofmann's commentary leaves our understanding of the nineteenth century permanently changed. He restores a sense of its truly revolutionary character and reminds us of the extent to which its accomplishments and problems provided the terms by which we still judge our art and our experience.

VAN GOGH: A SELF-PORTRAIT. Letters Revealing His Life as a Painter, selected by W. H. Auden. *New York Graphic Society. $10.*

Van Gogh's letters have long been regarded as masterpieces of self-revelation and artistic commitment, but in the past our appreciation of their importance suffered from the fragmented and fictionalized form in which we read them. This difficulty was effectively canceled three years ago when the New York Graphic Society published the definitive edition of Van Gogh's entire correspondence. Priced at fifty dollars and issued in three handsome volumes that included facsimile reproductions of the sketches and water colors the artist had set down in the original letters, that edition immediately relegated all past collections of the correspondence to the realm of abridged classics, which, indeed, they were often gotten up to resemble.

It was to be expected that the great 1958 edition, which had the virtue of being complete as well as beautiful, would be followed by a cheaper and smaller one, and no doubt it will be eventually. Meanwhile it looks as if we are going to have to be patient while the publishers work their way down the pyramid of the art-book market, collecting tithes at every level. At the current ten-dollar level, we are presented with a dilemma. Clearly this volume is more accessible to most of us than the original three-volume work, but it includes only one-fifth the material, and the price seems too high for a cheaply printed volume of 398 pages of letters accompanied by a few illustrations of a kind the reader is already likely to have.

There is also the problem of selection. Mr. Auden's half-page foreword —his only written contribution to the book—tells us very little about the basis on which this new abridgment has been made. He writes: "I have . . . confined my selection to those of [Van Gogh's] letters which contain reflections upon the art of painting and the problems of being a painter, and have only included letters concerned with his personal relations . . . in so far as these throw direct light upon his career as a painter." Considering the sensational uses to which Irving Stone and other writers have put the letters, this strikes the right note, of course, but at the same time it unhappily begs the question that inevitably dominates every effort to comprehend Van Gogh's genius. Van Gogh was an artist of the type of Baudelaire and D. H. Lawrence, a man whose

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art is so intimately bound up with his life that no clear division between the two can ever be made in its documentation. Only on the walls of a museum can Van Gogh's art be separated from his life; to presume to do so in a selection of his correspondence verges on the absurd.

The selection itself strikes one as arbitrary and shapeless, and the brevity of Mr. Auden's remarks leaves one with the uncomfortable impression that it is the book-club executive rather than the poet who has turned out the job. Unfortunately, it will no doubt be the present selection that will eventually find its way into a paperback edition, and so we shall probably have to wait another generation before a convenient collection of Van Gogh's correspondence is edited by someone with a coherent and clearly defined grasp of the complex relation that obtains between the artist's life and work. Nevertheless, since this is the only reliable edition of the letters available just now, everyone interested in the artist will want to have it.

PIONEERS OF MODERN ART, by W. Sandberg and H. L. C. Jaffé. Translated from the Dutch by Ian F. Finlay. *McGraw-Hill. $17.50.*

The Stedelijk Museum of Amsterdam is justly renowned as one of the great modern museums of Europe. Its exhibition program is similar in character and quality to that of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and at times it is intellectually more adventurous. The museum's exhibition catalogues and periodic bulletins, designed and largely written by Mr. Sandberg, the director, are famous in their own right for the excellence of their graphic design. *Pioneers of Modern Art* is a giant catalogue of the museum's permanent collection, which includes not only a splendid survey of painting and sculpture from 1870 to the present moment but also important examples of graphic art, films, furniture, and architectural design. The short texts by Mr. Sandberg and his associate, Dr. Jaffé, consist of an engaging mixture of historical commentary, sophisticated art criticism, aesthetic propaganda, and sociological speculation, with a slight sprinkling of theoretical hokum. Both the book and the institution it represents are model examples of the postwar liberal European sensibility in its effort to achieve a vital working relation between civic bureaucracy and radical artistic ideas.

The book follows a reverse chronological order, opening with a colorful survey of contemporary abstract art; it works its way back through many major and minor figures of the twentieth century, and concludes with dazzling examples of Van Gogh and Gauguin. There are some curious omissions—Matisse, for instance, is barely represented, and Cubism is not adequately documented—but there are a number of illustrations one would have difficulty finding elsewhere. The color plates of early figurative works by the Russian modernist Kasimir Malewitch, whose geometrical "White on White" has absorbed and puzzled visitors to the Museum of Modern Art in New York for years, afford an interesting glimpse into the career of an artist who worked in a crossfire of avant-garde aesthetics and revolutionary politics. There is also a magnificent work by the little-known Dutch painter G. H. Breitner, a contemporary of Van Gogh, and some illuminating remarks on the use he made of Amsterdam as a pictorial subject. The book will be of value both to specialists who want a record of one of the principal European collections of modern art and to aesthetic amateurs looking for a generous pictorial survey of the modern period. Plates and texts are handsomely printed.

THE HISTORY OF IMPRESSIONISM, by John Rewald. *Museum of Modern Art; distributed by Doubleday. $20.*

Mr. Rewald is the world's leading authority on Impressionist and Post-Impressionist painting. In addition to being its principal historian, he has also been an adviser to private collectors, galleries, and museums; he has organized some outstanding exhibitions—his survey of Redon, Moreau, and Bresdin opens at the Museum of Modern Art this month—and he has been a notable collector himself. (His collection of Impressionist drawings brought $268,600 at auction last year.) The first edition of *The History of Impressionism* appeared in 1946, and immediately became the definitive guide to a period and a style of painting that had already established itself as immensely popular with both connoisseurs and the art public. Basing his narrative on scrupulous scholarship and meticulous documentation, indulging in no simplifications, and himself lacking the least flair for vivid writing, Mr. Rewald produced a work that still made absorbing reading. His account of the lives and works of Manet, Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, Sisley, Degas, Cézanne, and Morisot, and of the artists, critics, and dealers associated with them, served as the basis for practically all postwar commentary on these painters. (Only Monet has undergone a radical revaluation in this period.) As a feat of scholarly writing, it was all the more amazing in having been carried out in wartime here in the United States, where the author was cut off from European sources and pictures.

In 1956 Mr. Rewald brought out the first of two volumes on *Post-Impressionism*, and the amplitude of that work made it clear that his *History of Impressionism* would eventually have to be revised if it were to conform in scale with its successor. The present volume is thus a revised and enlarged edition of the original *History*, completely reset and amplified with new material and new illustrations. The author has availed himself of the immense quantity of scholarship and critical thought that has come into existence in the fifteen-year interval, and he has had free access to European as well as American sources. The result is an expanded version of an already indispensable work.

While every artist emerges in Mr. Rewald's account as a distinct and believable personality, the thick tapestry of social, artistic, and economic events is finely woven. At times the accumulation of detail is all but smothering, but in the end its effect is to increase both our understanding of and our empathy with the artists and their milieux. By drawing frequently on letters, articles, and other documents at every point, Mr. Rewald conveys an exact and moving impression of the period. His *History* rescues the art itself from the glamour of the auction rooms and the distortions of cinematic myth, and restores it to the real world.

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Food, Glorious Food

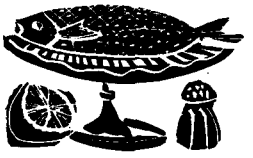
NORA MAGID

THE PLAYBOY GOURMET, by Thomas Mario. *Crown. $12.50.*

When Sam Weller poses the question "Do you ever drink anythin'?" the young man known in *Pickwick Papers* "by the distinguishing appellation of the Fat Boy" replies judiciously, "I likes eating better." Were he living in the twentieth century he would be faced with no such choice. Hungry bachelors these days seem to float all their food in a bath of alcohol—or so this guidebook would have us believe. For the sophisticated young gentleman at a loss in the kitchen, here is a primer that yearns to be prettily naughty, to shock "those inured to the curlicue-carrot, calorie-crazed, calico-kitchencraft magazines, or to the truffle-happy, hummingbird-tongue sensibilities of those finicky-fussy food journals for dyspeptic epicures. . . ." What *Playboy* offers is, in effect, a fairyland more unrealistic that that of the women's magazines it scorns. While it makes no concession to the ladies (and for some reason such hearty dishes as chicken fricassee and apple pandowdy are dismissed as effeminate), and though it is obsessed with sideline excursions into the art of seduction via comestibles and even goes so far as to explore the sex life of the shrimp, it does feature common-sense tips on short-order cooking and on entertaining. When it comes down to a question of real pragmatism, the sophisticate is advised not to make his own pie but to buy it, and there is a neat examination into what constitutes a good bakery product. There is also at least one surrender to delicacy: no recipe for cooking rabbit. Playboys apparently don't *eat* bunnies.

JUST DESSERTS, by Helen McCully and Eleanor Noderer. *Obolensky. $4.95.*

This volume, by two former food editors at *McCall's*, takes us into the wholesome world of the service magazines. The prose is girlish: recipes are invariably labeled as marvelous, gorgeous, spectacular, superb, wondrous. The customers are beaten lightly on the back and encouraged to shape up as responsible homemakers. ". . . if this is your first adventure (and it *is* an adventure) in the wonderful, exciting, and soul-satisfying world of baking, we urge you to read what we have to say thoughtfully and to follow our voices of experience faithfully. The cook is warned never to vary a recipe. Actually, there is no need to; in *Just Desserts,* for apple pie alone there



are ten recipes. Competition with the neighbors is in order ("bedazzle your friends"), and so as a rule is avoidance of spirits, although the authors do use rum and whisky discreetly, and even their Bavarian cream is faintly spiked. Aside from the fact that they recommend canned applesauce and fail to provide a recipe for the real article, they have come up with some excellent suggestions, their banana sour cream pie being particularly admirable.

THE NEW YORK TIMES COOK BOOK, edited by Craig Claiborne. *Harper. $8.95.*

This, as might be expected, is thorough, sensible, and not prone to flights of rhetoric, though it wanders occasionally into restrained anecdotal comment. Intended for grown-ups as opposed to the playboys or the little women who industriously act out their special roles in the American dream, the *Times* book in all its 1,500 recipes, both native and foreign, indicates respect for both food and procedure. In clear photographs, it spells out complex techniques—for omelet, strudel, and puff-paste making, for example. It is so comprehensive that it analyzes mistakes: it pictures ugly muffins and tells what error caused them to be misshapen. And in its sedate, matter-of-fact way, it has probably as many if not more bibulous recipes than does *The Playboy Gourmet.* It also features a judicious sampling of recipes from the world's great restaurants (the Fo-

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rum's leek and sausage pie is delicious), information on what can be prepared in advance, tables of equivalents (American, British, and European), lists of cheeses, wines, and spices, and shopping advice for cooks who live outside metropolitan centers.

MASTERING THE ART OF FRENCH COOKING, by Simone Beck, Louisette Bertholle, and Julia Child. *Knopf. $10.*

GOURMET'S BASIC FRENCH COOKING, by Louis Diat. *Gourmet. $12.50.*

LAROUSSE GASTRONOMIQUE, by Prosper Montagné. *Crown. $20.*

Mastering the Art of French Cooking is "for the servantless American cook who can be unconcerned on occasion with budgets, waistlines, time schedules, children's meals, the parent-chauffeur-den-mother syndrome, or anything else which might interfere with the enjoyment of producing something wonderful to eat." The emphasis is on elaborate preparation, with logical reasons given for each step. The diagrams are very clear, and instead of inhibiting the reader by instructing him never to experiment, this book suggests happily that he will surely want to indulge freely in his own variations. While there is plenty of specific recommendation, such as which wine and which vegetables to serve with

which dish, there is also leeway for individual preference.

Gourmet's cookbook, reassuringly intended to "dispel fear and uncertainty in the kitchen," is handsome in layout but pretentiously written—not in the gummy prose that too frequently mars the magazine itself but in a mélange of English and French designed to drive home the point that this is, after all, continental. ("The very sight of an earthenware casserole reminds me of *mon pays,* of *maman's* kitchen.") The tone is frequently pompous: "I should not be doing my job if I didn't remind you that a good cook is a clean, tidy, well-organized worker." A soufflé is "wonderful for those recovering from an illness and not up to their regular meals. The *haut monde* turns to soufflés for a simple dish, the devout for a perfect dish for Lent." *The Art of French Cooking,* on the other hand, communicates a more relaxed pleasure in the business of preparing food, and is occasionally tartly amusing.

Larousse Gastronomique is a queer celebration of food, glorious food. As an encyclopedia that starts with *"abaisse"* ("a term in pastry-making for which there is no English equivalent") and ends with "zwieback," it covers an almost frightening amount of territory. You can read the history in detail of banquets, of baking, of confectionery, of menus. You find loving disquisitions on alcoholism (three types are defined) and abattoirs and offal. (The French make no allowance for American squeamishness.) For animal lovers there is the gratifying news that the dog, the rat, and the donkey are edible. There is also the revelation that rhinoceros flesh is "preferred to that of the elephant by natives, who consider hippopotamus meat to be even better." Ambergris can be used as a tranquilizer, and beer can be made at home. Marie Antoinette used to concoct her own meringues "with her own royal hands at the Trianon." A kind of mad French logic prevails throughout: the preparation of marzipan is gone into at inordinate length, but he who would save money by turning out his own marrons glacés is told severely to buy them, because they are too much trouble to make. Woe betide the reader in search of advice about leftovers. A scolding is in order. "In any house where there are abundant left-overs, the administration of the kitchen is very bad . . . the food was either carelessly provided in too large a quantity, or was badly prepared, and not to the taste of the guests." But to dispel the notion of frugality, there are, among the 8,500 recipes casually tucked away here, some that call carelessly for as many as sixteen eggs, and quarts of heavy cream. Again, with fine disregard for American susceptibility to fine photographs, there is a stunning picture of a brazenly lopsided and collapsing soufflé. It could never happen in *McCall's.*

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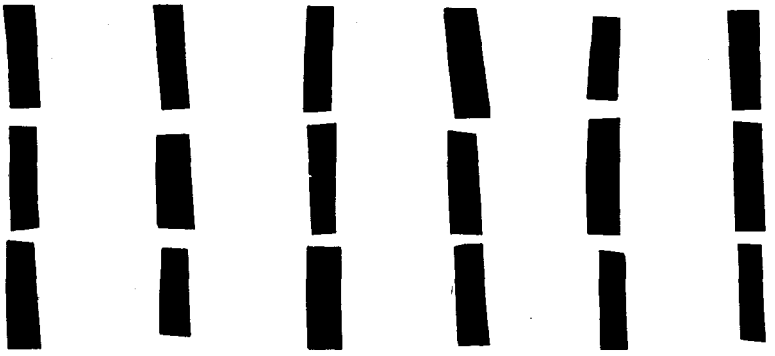

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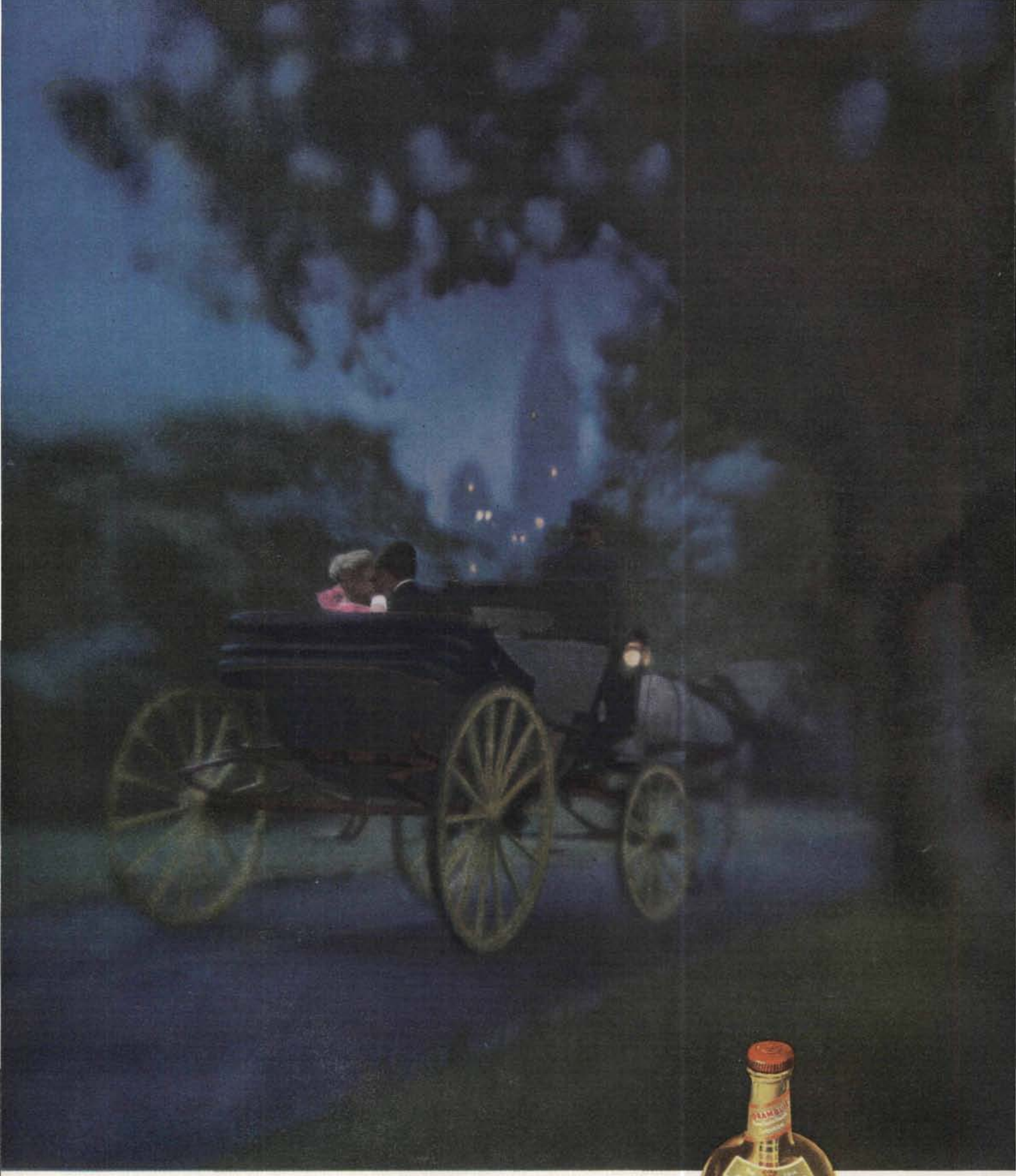

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